# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 159. WEEK ENDING NOV. 18TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.



"Human Magnetism is the very essence of the natural vital force of men and women—my Belt of Life gives you this subtle power from the moment you put it on."

*Ambrose Wilson.*

## I WILL SEND YOU MY 5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you strong, vigorous, and self-confident in everything.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to cure you—my Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has effected a complete cure.

## MEDICAL MEN AND HOSPITALS RECOGNISE MAGNETISM

as a most effective curative power in cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc., etc. My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of these cases, and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it.

**I invite every sufferer to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the Balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.**

**DON'T STAY WEAK,** depressed, and lacking in vigour and confidence another day; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of any one of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life.

*The following are a few brief extracts from the chorus of universal praise received from wearers of my Magneto Belt:*

"I am fifty years of age, have suffered for years from rheumatism, complicated with nervousness and insomnia, which were making life an intolerable burden. Your Belt is simply wonderful—it acted like a charm, the pain of the rheumatism subsiding from the first day, and by the end of three weeks I was a sound man once more."

"I am pleased to say that your Belt has worked wonders. I have only worn it four days, but I feel ever so much better. I have suffered from extreme nervous debility for years, and could not get relief from anything else."

"I could actually feel energy returning to me. I was entirely run down, and a shadow of my former self, when I began wearing your Magneto Belt. I have already gained several pounds in weight, and look and feel like a different man. I am stronger and more vigorous than ever before."

**Send to-day Postal Order for 1s. only, and receive Belt by return. Address:**

**AMBROSE WILSON (Dept. 19), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.**

**GIVE SIZE OF WAIST.**

# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, gent.'s grey striped suit, very smart, chest about 38in.; also tweed knickers and vest, quite new; the lot, 12s. 6d.; bargain.—Box 4571, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Autumn wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

Gentlemen requiring genuine racing information, from one stable only, on mutual terms (pay after result), write Box 4556, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, good billiard table, with all accessories, in good condition; must be cheap.—Box 4548, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Air Gun. State price and condition.—Box 4572, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's Sturmey-Archer 3-speed All-Weather cycle, oil bath gearcase, Clipper tyres, roller brakes, accessories, lately purchased, accept 90s.—Box 4563, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, a good cricket net, stop and sides, full size; what offers?—Box 4564, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, for cash, Rudge-Whitworth No. 1 Aero-Special Featherweight roadster, 19in. frame.—Box 4565, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## FINANCIAL, &c.

City Life House Purchase certificate, available for immediate advance of £500, present value £140, accept £110, or offer.—Box 4568, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

30 fully paid £1 shares in the African Lands, Ltd., for sale, no reasonable offer will be refused.—Box 4566, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, private loan, £50, to develop land and business, capital and interest returned by instalments.—Box 4567, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Soiled weights. Great bargains. Send for free list, several tons in stock, cut prices, tremendous bargains, splendid opportunity.—Inch, Dept. M.M., Munster House, Fulham, S.W.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Would you like to be a Black and White Artist? We coach you by post. Perfected system. Terms moderate. Stamp for prospectus.—"Art," London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 298.

## DOGS, &c.

Irish terrier pups for sale, cheap.—Particulars, 7, Edward Street, Loughborough, Leicester.

## MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

How to make a bottle of Excellent Embrocation for 4½d. Recipe 1s.—Coomber, Bowden Hill, Newton Abbot.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Marvellous scientific discovery. "Sunbronze" gives men handsome, sunburnt appearance; detection impossible; 1s. 1d. 7,050 testimonials. £1,000 guarantee. — "Sunbronze" Laboratories, Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Four champion recipes. How to make health salts, embrocation, ointment, and massage cream; 6d. each, or P.O. 1s. 4d. brings the lot. Advice gratis.—Andrè Duplez, 126, Mortimer Road, Itchen, Hants.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Money-Making Secrets (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 Veterinary Recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books, 1s. 8d. for advertisement.—M. Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 9d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, Prism binoculars, 40s.; Greener target rifle, aperture sights and lenses, 50s.; banjo, 38 stays, 20s.; rubber Wellington squadron boots, 5½, 15s.—Box 4570, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Photo postcards, twelve for 1s. 6d. Send any photo and P.O.—S. H. Robson, 78, Claypath, Durham.

5s. safety razor, post free 6d.—Hill, 18, Luke Street, Leicester.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

### PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

**Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.**

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for medium by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice, the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Pure Brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish, splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 32in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone; with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case; suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ Tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, 40 fine 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 10 sets reeds, 4 acting stops; sacrifice, 10s. 6d. approval willingly.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**

The Modern Man

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## CHEEK.

Sapolio offers distinct encouragement to hopeful spinsters. "Be patient," says an advertisement of that commodity, "and you will have patient children."

* * *

The dog fancier who has just declared that he has been bitten over fifty times does not surprise me. I know a man who has worked in the City for years, and had his ear subjected to that unpleasant process several times a day.

* * *

Somewhere in Abbeville Road, London, S.W., are the headquarters of the Personal Rights' Association. "How about our lefts?" is a common query in boxing circles, where this Meyer business still rankles.

* * *

Lord Lonsdale possesses a useful two-year-old in St. Neots. I wonder whether St. Neots Hunts?

* * *

Extract from a serial story by Miss Claire D. Pollexfen: "I accept in silence,' she said aloud."

* * *

PEOPLE WHO EITHER ARE IRISH OR OUGHT TO BE.—No. 1 Miss Claire D. Pollexfen.

* * *

Says a writer: "Tired toilers like myself hate unnecessary standing." Necessary standing, I presume, is what the commercial traveller does in order to secure commissions.

* * *

A grumbler inquires: "Why can't Rugby football matches begin punctually?" Some of the players do try," at any rate.

* * *

Says a lady writer: "Loving is giving." "I wish I had someone to love me," sang Mr. Sponger, in a sudden burst of melody.

* * *

Bucket shops, "Anxious Enquirer," are places where cash "pots" are filled from "mugs" and "cans."

* * *

Mr. Horace Wyndham is eager to know whether dramatic critics should be scrapped?" I may remind Mr. Wyndham that one or two dramatic critics are not so shy at scrapping on their own account.

* * *

BOXERS WHO ARE GOOD IN A CORNER.—No. 1: Mr. B. J. Wylie.

* * *

Literary Note: Why *will* Gladys B. Stern?

* * *

A pessimistic playgoer says that a new piece, "The Evil Eye," will shut down like winking.

* * *

A new story in a contemporary is called "Ducks and Drakes." I wonder if there is anything about quacks in it?

J. S. Cox.

### SHUFFLING CARDS.

The pack must neither be shuffled below the table nor in such a manner that the face of any card can be seen.

Some people are rather fond of shuffling the cards by dealing them out in a number of small packs; but, strictly speaking, this is wrong, except in the case of fresh cards.

The rules say that a pack having been played with must neither be shuffled by dealing it into packets nor across the table.

In four-handed games the dealer's partner generally makes and shuffles the cards for the next deal, but each player has a right to shuffle the cards once, while the dealer has the privilege of shuffling them last.

Whatever the game, a person shuffling the cards should always place them when he has finished on the left of the player about to deal.

### TAKING THE BLOW.

It is practically only professional boxers who know what is called "taking the blow." This, in other words, is the art of minimising the effect of a blow once it has been received.

It consists of footwork more than anything, for it is only men who are neat on their feet who can take the blow properly. This is the idea in a nutshell.

When your adversary leads and you feel his glove on your face, let your right leg (which, of course, is supporting your weight, unless you are a left-handed boxer) bend at once. At the same time throw your head back as far as it will go.

In this way you will go to the boards, but you will sink easily under a blow as light as a feather, and you will be able to hop up again at once; whereas otherwise you might have been forced to take the count.

This is a trick which few professional boxers will teach an amateur. They prefer to keep it to the "fancy" as far as possible.

### DEFENCE WITH A STICK.

A great many men carry a stick with more than half an idea of using it for self-defence in case of attack; but it is a certainty that not one-tenth part of them would use it correctly if suddenly called upon to do so.

What they would do would be to use it as a sort of club, and swing it round their heads previous to swiping their assailant over the head with it. But is not this a deplorable waste of time in a contigency where moments are vital?

A quick man with his fists or a knife would have you unconscious from a blow or a knife artistically inserted in your small ribs while yet you were in the act of swinging your stick. Consequently, against a clever boxer or a smart performer with the nimble "sticker," as the Polite Lunatic in "The Belle of New York" called it, a man whose only weapon is a stick, and who uses it as a club, is practically helpless.

What he should do is to use his stick as a fencer does his foil—lunge straight out with it; and the proper place to aim for is the "mark" as boxers call it; for the strongest man who gets a hard jab with a stick there will not get up again for some minutes.

### WARNED OFF THE TURF.

It is of the highest credit to the integrity of the heads of English sport that the almost autocratic power in the hands of the Stewards of the Jockey Club is so justly wielded.

They have control of the property and estate of the club and also of the management of the course and the training and trial grounds at Newmarket. If they convict any man, trainer, owner, or jockey of any kind of offence against the Rules of Racing, there is, to all intents and purposes, no appeal against them.

Not everybody realises the far-reaching consequences of being "Warned off the Turf." Such a delinquent is not only prevented from visiting Newmarket Heath or going into any enclosure or betting ring at any race meeting under the Rules of Racing, but the sentence also carries with it a stigma which means social ruin, especially to people who have previously moved in Society.

What is more, when the Jockey Club warns a man off, the warning is almost invariably communicated to the officials of the National Hunt Committee (resulting in the offender being debarred from steeplechasing) and also to various Jockey Clubs abroad, who practically always follow the English Jockey Club's lead and warn him off, too.

# DRIVING ACCIDENTS

## HOW THEY MAY BE AVOIDED.

The most common accidents with horses are usually due to carelessness on the part of the driver or his servants, generally in the harnessing of the animal to be driven. It is an elementary precaution, therefore, to see that the harness is properly put on before taking the reins in hand, yet one that a majority of people invariably neglect to observe.

Most accidents when driving are the result of collisions, and these chiefly occur through going too fast at crossings and turnings or by miscalculating space in passing other conveyances.

The selfish driver is a fruitful source of mishaps. I remember once being driven by one such, a man who kept the crown of the road under all circumstances, driving everything else into the off-ditch. I had even to remonstrate with him several times for squeezing cyclists into the hedge. It was dusk as we neared our destination, when he crowned his indiscretions by colliding with his own hay-cart, smashing up his American trotting-buggy, and flinging me on a heap of stones by the wayside.

### DANGEROUS DOGS.

In the country one cause of accidents is the flying out of sheep-dogs from wayside farms and cottages.

Many of these brutes—especially collies—are actually vicious, and will jump at and bite a horse on the shoulder; and a horse so bitten will invariably swerve whenever he sees a dog rush out on the road in future.

Collies can never be cured of this habit, and cutting at them with a whip only startles the horse the more. The only remedy is to stop, ascertain the name of the offender's master, and report him to the police.

In one such case, where the local police hesitated to take action, and the resentful owner of the collie made a point of coming out and deliberately encouraging his dog to fly at my pony, I put a savage bulldog belonging to a friend into the cart one morning, covered him with a rug and drove slowly past the house. When the collie dashed out barking, while his ill-conditioned master stood grinning in the adjacent doorway, I pulled up and put the bulldog down. I then drove on " and left the rest to nature "; but I never saw the collie again.

### HORSES AND STEAM-ROLLERS.

Motor-cars have to some extent cleared the country of the dogs that fly at passing vehicles—a small mercy for which horse-owners have to thank their worst enemies.

Now that most horses are used to it, there is not much danger of their shying or refusing to pass mechanical traffic; and one should never drive an animal that shows his dislike to road nuisances in a dangerous manner. Many horses will pass anything but a steam-roller, and the controllers of these machines are usually very inconsiderate in the matter of stopping their engines. Usually they think it sufficient to try and lead your horse past; and the apparition of a grimy-looking engineer advancing with outstretched hands to seize him by the head is sufficient to make a doubtful horse decide to bolt at once.

### STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

When a runaway occurs the driver should sit still, take a turn of the reins round his wrists, and take a long, steady pull at the bit and then slacken it slightly. This will often stop a bolt at once; but if it does not, there is nothing for it but to sit tight, keep him straight, and go on hoping for a clear road, and heading him, if possible, up-hill. If one retains the reins there is always a chance of stopping the horse before an accident happens; but shouting to warn other users of the road only frightens him more.

Never be driven by a man of whose sobriety there is any doubt. Though he may not show it as he sits on the box waiting to start, the fresh air will soon increase his state of intoxication. His judgment and eyesight will both be off their balance, and he will take unnecessary risks.

R. Dumayne.

# CURRENT BOXING.

## NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RING-SIDE.

Much indignation has been caused by the attempt to stop the fight between Driscoll and Moran at Birmingham, and the hearing of the summonses against the principals and one of the promoters will be anxiously awaited by all supporters of boxing.

One of the finest matches that have been seen in London for a very long time took place at the Ring, Blackfriars Road, on Monday last, when two Jacks, Meekins and Goldswain, to wit, went eleven rounds. It was a hard and evenly-fought contest right up to the last minute, when Meekins' superior generalship gave him the victory.

All through he had been philosophically taking Goldswain's left on his face, contenting himself with occasional body blows, obviously with the intention of getting his adversary's guard down; and at last, in the eleventh round, Goldswain, in attempting to deal with two lightning left jabs to the stomach, lowered his hands, and Meekins got his chance. Like lightning he slung his left to Goldswain's jaw, and the other made a semi-circle in the air and came down on his back. He was still unconscious on the count of ten.

One of the latest recruits to professional ranks is a very promising little boxer, Kid Greenstock, who wishes to meet any fly-weight or bantam-weight. He has won the Working Lads' Federation Cup, a trophy which was once held by Billy Wells. Greenstock's action in challenging any boxer at the weights specified seems just a little foolhardy at present; but, by all accounts, the " Kid " is quite good.

Yet another big match has been abandoned—in this case the fixture between Matt Wells and Ad. Woolgast, the American.

Georges Carpentier, the really marvellous young French welter-weight, who recently defeated Young Joseph, is a model son. He has, so I hear, just established his father and mother in business in a little café at Lens, where Georges was born. If they do as well at that business as their boy has done with the four-ouncers, they will come to no harm.

" Straight Left."

# CURRENT FOOTBALL.

## FEARLESS CRITICISMS OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Newcastle United are now leading the First League table, an achievement which has resulted from their win over Bury at home by 3—2. Bury are at the bottom of the First League list, and have not won a single match out of the ten they have played this season. So it is rather a pity that the United could not have scored in a more decisive fashion on their own ground against a team which has cut such a sorry figure. Next Saturday, November 18, they go at home to Notts County, while Bury go to Oldham to meet the Athletic, who will pretty certainly give them a good game.

The eyes of the football world in general are on Freeman of Burnley, who at present heads the list of this season's goal-scorers. He is notable, too, for the fact that he scored the one goal by which poor Clapton Orient were beaten at Burnley.

The first goal scored against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge this season fell to the credit of Logan, of Bristol City, who scored a meritorious draw against the " Pensioners " by two goals all. It looked very likely indeed that Bristol would win, for when Wedlock, the City's famous half-back, made the score even at 2—2 a quarter of an hour after the change of ends, Bristol were pressing hard and looked like scoring again. The Chelsea defence, however, was just good enough to last out.

Queen's Park Rangers are still going strong in the Southern League, and, as I write, have an unbeatable record of 10 matches played—8 wins and 2 drawn games. They beat Bristol Rovers handsomely at Bristol by 2 goals to 0. Next Saturday they go to Northampton, and this encounter should provide one of the great matches of the season.

Brentford are not doing as well as they should, for they are a very sound team. Although they were beaten at Swindon by 2—0, so good was their defence that it was only in the last six minutes of play that the two goals were scored. Let us hope the " Bees " will do better next Saturday, when they are at home to Stoke.

G. E.

# SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!

## Our Great Recommendation Scheme.
## Equal Opportunities for all Readers.

In order to encourage our readers to introduce this paper to their friends, we have decided upon a very novel scheme.

We shall award a large number of prizes to those who secure most readers for us. The scheme is one of mutual benefit, you securing valuable prizes, and we obtaining a still larger circulation.

Next week we shall announce full particulars of the awards in connection with our recommendation scheme, but in the meantime we may say that every one of these awards will be of a valuable and acceptable character, those of greatest value going, of course, to the readers who do most to introduce new buyers of the paper.

There will be no entrance fee, and in securing these awards you will be literally securing something for nothing.

Look out for the particulars of the awards next week. They will be exactly what you are wishing for.

## FIXING THE PLAID.

### FOUR OF THE BEST WAYS.

There are said to be seventy-two ways of wearing the Scottish plaid—one of the most useful garments ever invented since it is at once capable of being used as a travelling rug, sleeping blanket, overcoat of various patterns, or dressing-gown.

If the plaid is of the ordinary size, about twelve feet long by six in breadth, one of the simplest methods of wearing it is to fold it in two; place it over the head so that the sides hang level, then knot the fringe at the front corners together, and fling the joined end over the head, turning back the piece hitherto resting there so that it comes round the neck.

Thrust the arms through the sides, and you have the original of the Inverness cape, which makes a dressing-gown for indoors or an easily carried and easily discarded wrap for out-of-doors.

For very wet weather, the plaid should be pleated up loosely round a handkerchief the long way, letting about two of the six feet hang over. The handkerchief may then be loosely knotted round the neck and the plaid pulled out round the shoulders. It will then hang down to below the knees, with a cape for extra protection over the shoulders and in this form will keep the wearer dry in the very worst of weather.

**DEFYING THE COLD.**

If protection is only required from cold wind, the plaid should be folded in four length-wise, and placed round the shoulders so that one end hangs down just below the waist on the left side.

The long end is then brought under the right armpit, across the chest outside the loose end on the left side, back over the right shoulder, and the remnant tucked in beneath the piece that crosses the chest, so as to hang down on the right-hand side.

When this is pulled out it will reach from the throat to the waist, and the cross piece behind protects the back and the limbs are left quite free. It is an excellent way of wearing the plaid when walking, curling, playing golf, or riding.

**USING A BELT.**

A still simpler method is to fold the plaid in two across the middle of its length and run a waist-belt through beneath the fold. Buckle this round the waist, bring the four loose corners of the plaid together, and brooch them on the left shoulder.

When it rains or grows cold, unpin the ends, and, drawing them round the shoulders, fasten them on the chest, when an excellent cape will be the result.

The man who possesses a couple of plaids of some unobtrusive hill-check—one of light Saxony for summer and indoor use, the other of cheviot or Harris home-spun for winter wear—need never require an overcoat, mackintosh, travelling-rug, or dressing-gown for the rest of his life.

A. FORBES.

## RE-BEGINNERS' LUCK.

### WHAT IS ITS SECRET?

Beginners' luck is proverbial, but there is another kind of luck which is not so well known. This is the luck which usually attends the man who takes up a game after having dropped it for a long time.

The other day I was in a country hotel sitting-room where two men were playing draughts. The game over, one of them had to leave, and the other asked me if I would give him a game.

I answered truthfully that I had not played draughts for over twenty years, and that I doubted if I remembered even the rules. However, if he didn't mind playing with a duffer, I said, I would willingly take him on.

Well, I played, and beat him all ends up. There was time for only one game, and he went away quite evidently thinking me an awful liar.

**A GOLFING EXPERIENCE.**

Much the same thing happened to me at golf once.

I had played golf as a boy, but one morning when I made my way to a certain links I hadn't even so much as touched a club for just on ten years. I picked up a stranger opponent, and warned him that I should not be able to give him much of a game, not having played for so long. He said he didn't mind, and that probably I should soon get into it.

I did. I "got into it" with my first drive, which was two hundred yards if it was an inch and dead on the line. It was the same almost all the way round.

Practically my only "aberration" was when I completely missed the ball three times running. But that did not affect the result; I won by seven up and six to play. And again my opponent evidently thought I had been "kidding" him.

**IT DOESN'T LAST.**

I expect you have been through the same thing yourself. Drop billiards for a few months, and it is astonishing how well you will play when you take it up again—that is, for the first game or two, for your "re-beginner's" form doesn't last.

I have played my draughts again many times, and always been defeated, while as for my golf, the game I played that morning was that of a pretty hot "four" man; but in a week or two I was away back about the eighteen handicap mark.

I suppose the explanation is that, as with the genuine beginner, you have any amount of confidence, or rather you are prepared for the worst, while you have forgotten the difficulties of the game.

There may be something, too, in the idea that your previous knowledge of the game is stored away in some brain cell, and comes out fresh and strong, gradually weakening until you have to begin all over again.

Anyway, look out for shocks when you take on a man who says he hasn't played a game for a long, long time.

G. H. PORTEOUS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By HORACE J. SIMPSON.

Pangster spun this yarn, one biting afternoon when an easterly gale was hurtling in from the Nore, and a tumbling pack of froth-fanged wolves howled ragingly up Sea Reach.

A small fleet of yachting craft, bound to the different Essex stations for the commencement of the season, were sheltering in Hole Haven, and half a dozen of their owners were making themselves cosy before a blazing fire at the "Lobster Smack."

Greatwood, of the 6-tonner "Chèré Amie," brought up the subject of famous robberies, the perpetrators of which had never been laid by the heels. He mentioned several celebrated instances, and then somebody chipped in with a hazy reminiscence of the notorious theft of the Redworthington rubies—as fine a collection of Persian beauties as was ever seen.

"Huh!" grunted quiet old Pangster of the "Bird and Butterfly," "What do you say to a yarn?"

"Full speed ahead," said Bolter, of the "Cygnet."

"No leg-pulling, Ben," warned Greatwood good-humouredly. "We forgive you a good deal because you're twice the age of any of us. But take care. If it's to be a yarn, let it be a true one."

"Every word," promised the raconteur. "Let me see—all the Redworthingtons are dead, aren't they?"

"Not one survives, so far as I'm aware," said Greatwood. "An unlucky family, Ben."

"Yes," assented Pangster. "This is a queer story of them—one I wouldn't spin were any of them left to be hurt by the telling. But here goes:

"Considerably over twenty years ago," he said "a few craft were windbound here, just as we are to-day. And, like us, the owners were killing time ashore here in this very room. Somebody brought the news of the Redworthington ruby theft, and the opinion was expressed that the Marchioness would be more cut up about their loss than if her husband had kicked the bucket.

"'Her husband!' sneered a quiet chap, who sat where Greatwood is. 'Her husband! You may take it from one who knows her ladyship that the very dearest thing in this world to her is neither her husband nor a collection of Persian rubies. It's a darned monkey!'

"Now I must tell you that the chap was not one of us. All we knew of him was that he'd come into the Haven at mid-day with a smartish little yawl.

"Well, we gathered that the monkey—it was an orang-outang, as big as a man—had escaped the previous evening from her ladyship's yacht, 'Queen of Gowany,' just then brought up off Southend Pier, bound for the Mediterranean. There was a reward of five hundred pounds offered to anybody who could secure the beast and put it aboard the yacht anywhere between Southend and Plymouth, which was her last port of call in England. Tame and harmless as a kitten, he said it was—except it were teased, when it was a nasty customer to handle.

"I don't think a man of us cottoned to that stranger, or believed his monkey story. What his object was in telling it, we couldn't imagine. And we cared so little that half an hour later, when he bade us good-night—I forgot to say it was wintertime, and to explain our presence here by telling you that we were bound after some wildfowl-shooting up the Essex waterways—when he said good-night, we'd all but forgotten Lady Redworthington —— monkey, jewels, and all.

"Somebody looked out at about six o'clock, and came back with the information that the wind had dropped considerably, and it was promising fine. I was rather keener in those days, and was generally the first to make a move. So I finished my hand at cribbage, and went and looked at the weather for myself. It really did look like clearing up and I determined to steal a march on the other men. I had a fine chance, for it was just on high water, and I'd have the ebb with me all the way down Sea Reach and Swin. So I jumped into my dinghy and pulled off.

"My eyes being dazzled by the light in here, it seemed darker than it really was, and I had some difficulty in finding my little hooker. She was only a converted oyster-smack, and I worked her myself. But that trip I'd asked a chum—Peterson by name—to share a bit of sport among the birds. That afternoon he'd preferred to stop aboard with a book to playing crib. at the 'Lobster Smack.'

"Well, I fetched the bluff-bowed little 'Frolic' at last, and Peterson, I thought, was standing on the quarter. So I sang out and threw him the painter. But the blessed fool just let it drop overboard, and I drifted astern. You can guess that I let out at him then. And, would you believe it, the fool commenced a sort of war dance, without the whoops. I couldn't make out whether he had gone off his rocker or was just acting the giddy goat. Anyhow, I was too busy in getting alongside again, and climbing aboard with the painter in my hand, to give him much attention just then. And when I'd made the painter fast and turned round, there was nobody to be seen.

"I pushed back the companion. There was no light in the cabin, so I called down. There was no answer. I began to think things. It seemed so devilish strange. And I went down that cabin very cautiously, and struck a match. The fire was out, and the stove cold. I couldn't understand Peterson stopping aboard with no fire. I lit the lamp, and then went on deck and walked forward.

"The moon was just scudding through a thin fleece of cloud, and by its light I saw Peterson—or, so I thought—dash like a madman twice across the deck before the mast, and then make a rush, with a handspike in his hand down into the hooker's foc'sle. I crept along quietly, intending to try to calm him, if he really had gone wrong in the head. But as soon as I reached the foc'sle he slammed the slide over with a bang like the report of a gun.

"I didn't like it, I assure you. I'm not a nervous man—never was—but you can never tell what tricks a madman is likely to get up to. I walked slowly aft, thinking how to act, and picking up the other handspike as I went, in case of accidents. Suddenly I heard a boat pulling alongside under our counter. There were two in her. One jumped aboard and the other sculled away again.

"'That you, Pangster?' the chap who'd sprung aboard shouted. And it was the voice of my chum Peterson.

"'Man alive!' I cried excitedly, 'I thought you were in the foc'sle—mad as a hatter! There's somebody or something down there, anyway.'

"'Great Scott!' cried Peterson. 'I'll wager it's that monkey. Bembury, of the "Clarissa," came and urged me to go and play bridge with a friend or two he'd aboard, and he told me a yarn he'd just heard from the owner of a yawl brought up just astern of his craft.'

"Hurriedly, Peterson told me the very tale I'd heard from the stranger in the 'Lobster Smack.'

"'We might as well have that reward as anybody else,' he cried. 'To say nothing of the sport.'

"I agreed. But we had yet to make sure that we had the wanted beast in the foc'sle of the 'Frolic.' Hastily we got lamps, and, going softly, pushed back the slide far enough to assure ourselves that the Marchioness Redworthington's pet really was below. How it got there, we didn't stop to think—I don't know to this very day, though I have shrewd suspicions—but there it was.

"Neither of us cared to be left alone with the brute, so we two pulled in the dinghy to the yawl astern of the 'Clarissa.' The owner—John Bower, he told us his name was—was delighted with our news. For the sake of his dear friend the Marchioness, he told us several times. He came back with us immediately and tried to coax the monkey out of the foc'sle.

"But the brute was plainly in a temper, and we decided to lock him in and set off to earn that other 'monkey' five hundred golden pounds. Mr. Bower offered to accompany us, for which we were grateful. He fancied we might just catch the 'Queen of Gowany' off Southend.

"I don't think the 'Frolic's' mudhook ever came up at such a rate, before or after. And her canvas was reefed and set like greased lightning.

"Well, the 'Queen of Gowany' had left her anchorage off Southend, and I began to think of turning tail and sailing back to Hole Haven— monkey or no monkey. But Bower said: 'Not at all. The yacht's a sizeable craft, or she

wouldn't go as far as the Mediterranean in winter. I've never seen her. She's a new one his lordship had built last year. But she's quite certain to draw far too much water to go across the Cant, and by the overland passage to the Foreland. She'll go through Black Deep, and the Edinburgh; unless her skipper cares to twist and turn about between the Girdler and the Gilman. and go down Prince's. But that wouldn't save him much in a wind like this. It's getting more easterly every minute. Oh, he'll take the Edinburgh Channel right enough! And we'll pick him up somewhere between the Longnose and the Elbow Gas Buoy.'

"'But how do you know the yacht didn't leave Southend before highwater?' I asked him. 'She might have left last tide.'

"'She didn't,' he said, so emphatically that I never even asked why he was so certain about it.

"That settled it. We bore up for the Nore, and started our chase of a craft that we'd never set eyes upon. And on a dark winter night, too!—across the Cant and the Kentish Flats with never a light of any use to us after we'd left the Middle Cant Buoy; unless you reckoned Whitstable and Herne Bay, which weren't a lot of good to a craft on a trip like ours.

"The wind got fresher, as well, and chopped about from east-nor'east to nor-east-by-north. We looked uncommonly like having a wet passage. And I suppose you men think we were mad to attempt it in an obsolete oyster smack. Perhaps we were. But there were five hundred Jimmy O' Goblins at the other end, you see!

"We were not long in getting on to the Cant. My word, wasn't it dark! Behind shone all the lights up to the Chapman. It was like turning into a black lane and looking back at Piccadilly Circus.

"She smashed it over her just properly. But I kept her at it.

"Before the tide was done, we ran into the red sector of the North Foreland light, and soon cleared the Longnose. When the young flood began to set us to the southward we hove-to a mile and a half away from the Elbow, which bore about S.S.E.

"An hour later, by the aid of a pair of strong glasses we picked up a three-masted schooner. And we let go the 'Frolic's' foresail and stood across the yacht's course. We hailed her:

"'Queen of Gowany, ahoy!'

"They answered us, and it didn't take us long to tell them we'd her ladyship's monkey aboard. You should have heard the commotion! In five minutes a boat was alongside us, carrying the Marchioness her lovely self, in spite of a nasty sea.

"Her men helped her aboard and down our foc'sle to Mister Monkey. And her sobs and endearments as she flung her arms round the brute's hairy neck I shall never forget. They were soon back to their own craft again, but not before Lady Redworthington had promised that his lordship, who was joining the yacht at Plymouth, would send me a cheque from there.

"And a year later I got this in addition," Pangster said, showing a handsome gold watch.

It was engraved:—"To B. Pangster, Esq., with the deep gratitude of all the Redworthingtons."

"Now comes the queer part," concluded Ben. "Several years later I met the Marquis at dinner. I had seen him before, but he had called himself John Bower then, and wore no luxuriant moustache. But I think he did not recognise me—even by name.

"That's all, boys."

"But those rubies, Ben," Greatwood asked; "weren't they scooped by her ladyship's favourite brother?"

"They were," said Pangster—"the Honourable Tillbury Frank, one of the best-known men in England in those days."

"And wasn't the big mystery how he managed to skip the country with every port watched?"

"Correct again. He managed it one very dark night, assisted by a generous brother-in-law, two perfectly innocent accessories after the fact, named Pangster and Peterson—and the skin of an orang outang."

"Pangster," cried Greatwood. "You've pulled our legs after all, you incorrigible old sinner!"

"Very well," retorted the old yachtsman curtly. "We'll leave it at that. I'm going out to look at the weather."

# ETIQUETTE OF THE HUNTING FIELD

## POINTS FOR THOSE WHO ARF TAKING UP FOX-HUNTING.

The etiquette of the hunting field is very strict, well-defined, and should be closely observed by all who aspire to be deemed sportsmen.

In the first place, every man who comes to a meet should immediately salute the master with lifted cap, for he is in the position of the host who has asked the field to meet him for the purpose of showing them sport. Not to greet him in this way is a great discourtesy.

Another rule is never to enter a covert, and not to ride or walk in front of the master when the hounds are drawing. (Of course, no one should ever be in front of hounds under any circumstances.)

### HOLDING GATES OPEN

In countries where large fields assemble, or where the master acts as huntsman, a field-master or deputy-master is often appointed to rule the members, and his directions must be similarly obeyed.

It is the correct thing to hold a gate open for any of the hunt staff; but no one is expected to do so for any other member of the field, man or woman.

The greatest crime that can be committed in the hunting-field is to head the fox: after that comes the over-riding of hounds. But pressing so closely on the backs of hounds as to hamper them in casting or to drive them on so that they over-run the scent, is equally bad, and equally a breach of etiquette.

Riding over wheat seeds, or turnips, and all jumping, where jumping is rendered unnecessary by reason of gaps, gates, or hunting wickets, is bad form, because calculated to do unnecessary damage. The same applies to "larking" over fences and gates on the way to or from hunting, or when hounds are not running.

### FOLLOWING OTHER RIDERS.

One rider must never cross another, and where at a jump one follows the lead of another, he should be quite sure his leader has got safely over and gone on before following him. To jump over a man that is down is positively criminal, and it is almost as bad to ride him close at a gap, at the risk of bumping or baulking him. Ladies are always the worst offenders in these respects.

It is not etiquette to ask for the brush at the end of a good run. The master is the sole arbiter as to who should have the trophies, and will distribute them at his pleasure. It is etiquette to give the hunt-servant who brings the pad or brush from the master half-a-crown or so for his trouble.

If you are riding a horse that is not to be trusted in a crowd, do not take him into a crowd. It he is a kicker, it is etiquette to have a piece of scarlet riband tied into his tail, so that anyone following him may not come too close. It is bad form to do this when he is not a kicker, so as to obtain more room for yourself.

### TROUBLE WITH THE M.F.H.

If you offend, or are supposed to have offended, against the unwritten laws of the hunting field, you will hear of it in pretty forcible language from the master or field-master. If you are sworn at and "dressed down" for your delinquency, it is not etiquette to reply in the hunting field. If you have done wrong, say you are very sorry in a quiet voice and pull your horse into the background. If you are innocent, say nothing: you will be able to explain matters better when hunting is over, and the master cooler.

If for any reason you are "ordered home"—that last resort but one on the part of an outraged M.F.H.—go home at once. Otherwise you will force him to play his last card, and order hounds home. If you go home you will have the sympathy of a majority of the field; but if you stay out and defy the master you will get none from anybody, since your action is spoiling the sport which they have paid heavily to enjoy.

L. C. R. Cameron.

A TRUE TALE OF THE FAST.

# CONSPIRATORS

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

There are times when even wealthy men require ready cash, and such a time had dawned for Leonidas Scoopeethi, the famous Galata banker, who bethought himself gloomily, as he jogged down the mountain road leading to the Turkish town of Tchiflik Zeni, that he was well-nigh at the end of his resources. With his brain teeming with schemes, all, alas! futile, he rode slowly down the rugged path—a moody man.

Behind him on a shaggy pony rode the Zaptieh, his escort, his rifle across his knees, singing an interminable love song, with a refrain like the buzzing of a mammoth bumble bee on an acre of window pane. He, too, had his cares. He feared he was losing his voice. In this he was mistaken.

A turn in the path, the last before the bottom of the ravine, brought the travellers upon a curious sight. On the sheer red face of the cliff, some thirty feet above their heads, stretched a huge wooden platform, where, on a surface that had once been white, was depicted a scroll, on which, flanked on either side by a pyramid of big-bellied bottles, in blistered paint, was the motto: "Restaurant Buffet Hypolite Gué."

This was all. Scoopeethi saw, gathered at the foot of the cliff beneath the placard, a group of men who looked at first glance as though they were waiting to remember the magic word that would cause the rock to open and give them access to the refreshment thus announced. He looked around searching for some trace of a habitation—there was none.

He looked up. A great condor hung poised and motionless in the blue vault above him, grimly suggestive of sinister expectations. Then he turned to the Zaptieh, who still droned his eulogy of Ayesha's fatness, and asked him what it all meant.

The Turk in explanation pointed to the group of men. "Brigands," he said, laconically, and took up his song again on the top note.

Had Scoopeethi been a superstitious man, or given to the reading of the future in omens or tea leaves or what not, the oddity of the conjunction might have provided him with cause for serious thought.

Surely the story to be read here would have puzzled neither the chief butler nor the chief baker. Here they were—a bird of prey, a Galata banker, a medley of troops and captives, and in the background the gallows. But Scoopeethi, a financier, did not indulge in occult speculations, nor perhaps would he have recognised correlation in the different objects before him.

As it was, he let his horse amble slowly down the hill, and when he drew near the party at its foot, he noted that it was formed of three distinct groups.

One, the centre of interest, was a number of haggard-faced, desperate-looking villains, some blood-stained, and all ragged, who, handcuffed one to another, with their elbows tied together behind them, were huddled back to back on the ground, guy-like in a straggling line. About them were busied many friends and sympathisers, giving them water to drink, helping them to sip from cups of coffee, rolling and lighting cigarettes, and placing them between the grey trembling lips.

Somewhat apart lolled a number of Turkish soldiers, plump, good-looking, stalwart men. They, too, were smoking and sipping coffee, brought them by the friends of the condemned.

At a little distance, his back against a tree, squatted an old man—an inkhorn in one hand, a reed in the other, who with many strokes and flourishes was inscribing on large sheets of millboard, some half-dozen of which lay completed at his feet, the legend setting forth the crimes for which the impending capital punishment was inflicted. Near him were a number of tall trevets—the justice wood—propped against the cliff, and fifty yards away the lieutenant and the sergeant were playing *tric-trac* under a *tente d'abris*.

It was only in the faces of the captives that there was any indication that this was the final act of a tragedy rather than a bucolic beanfeast, for their attitude would as well have suited the last stage of rollicking conviviality as the painful bonds to which it was due. But in each white, sullen, sweat-soiled face could be read a world of agony. Blank horror was in the wide-lidded, staring eyes; ghastly fear in the blue quivering lips; terrible yearning, despair in the grey, pinched features, the drawn muscles, the inert, twisted limbs.

As Scoopeethi rode by, he dropped his eyes before the glare of hopeless appeal flashed on him by that row of gleaming eyes.

Then he heard his name called—"Asépo Léonidas; Elatho," wailed a voice that, despite its hoarseness, had a familiar ring to his ears. He turned quickly and scanned each wretched face. "Ela Leonidas! Ela Kaimené," wailed the voice again, and all the prisoners, with swift dawning hope in the potential aid of the well-dressed stranger, took up the cry. "Léonidas. Ah, Léonidas! Come and save us."

Scoopeethi rode back and dismounted. It was the end man who had called to him, a man apparently young, and who in other conditions would probably have been handsome. At present a month-eaten beard of some weeks' growth caked and clotted with blood, and a broad bandage that concealed one eye, formed a disguise that might baffle recognition by his best friend.

But Scoopeethi knew him by his voice; changed though it was, husky with despair, it brought back to him visions of a little dark ill-smelling booth in a Bosphorus village; of tubs of red caviare and black olives; of September wine-boiling days, when the copper cauldron steamed over a great fire in the street and drew all the village idlers around it; of juicy steaks cut from a huge sword-fish that filled the whole shop and straggled out into the road where his armed head propped against the wall advertised the dainty meat within. Aye, many pleasant visions, and among them one of a curly-headed boy, his cousin and playmate. And this was he.

"Pantheli," he said gently, putting his hand on the man's ragged shoulder. "Tee Kavis? What are you doing?"

This accustomed form of salutation was perhaps out of place. What the man was doing was easy to see. He was waiting to be hanged. But Pantheli, disregarding the absurdity of the question, broke at once into an incoherent narrative of his woes, broken by passionate anathemas against his fate, his captors, and his patron saint.

"But," said Scoopeethi, "you *are* a brigand."

"Of course," said Pantheli proudly. "And you are a financier, and of the same family—my mother's sister's son. Can nothing be done? We have not much time, but still"—his glance travelled from his cousin's pockets towards the distant lieutenant, and then fastened again imploringly on the financier's face.

Evidently there was not much time. Most of the soldiers had risen from the ground and were busy with preparations for the execution. Others were fastening the notice cards on the breasts of the prisoners. Two were cutting a coil of thin rope into lengths, and a number stood watching the work of the old scribe, who was protesting that he must not be hurried.

The financier stood silent a moment, deep in thought.

"Did you say you were the chief of your band?" he asked.

Pantheli drew himself up as well as his bonds would permit. "I am Pantheli the Death," he said with dignity. "You, my cousin, not to know that! I have followed your career day by day."

"Our walks in life have been different," said the financier.

"How do you mean?" cried Pantheli.

Leonidas found no reply ready to his tongue, but the rude suggestion did not harden his heart. The condor hanging watchfully aloft noted with pained surprise that when the Tchelebi rode away a little later he took the plumpest of the captives in his train.

* * * * * * *

News of the daring attack by brigands on the Oriental express near the Bulgarian frontier caused nearly as great a sensation in Europe as in Stamboul itself when it became known that among the victims seized were M. Leonidas Scoopeethi, the famous Galata financier, and Lebil Bey, attaché of the Turkish Embassy in Vienna.

(*Continued on page 296.*)

# SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS.

## II.—WOEFUL IGNORANCE.

Most modern men, however unfitted constitutionally or by temperament, now go in for some form of outdoor pastime, even artists and writers—classes that, with some few and even notable exceptions, have rarely produced sportsmen—are now keen to be known in connection with some form of sport.

I recently met a well-known humorous writer, whose name is not associated in any way with the outdoor world, though I understand he plays a very scientific game of croquet. All he would talk about was some remote shooting experiences he had enjoyed in Norfolk, among snipe and teal; but he was especially proud of having shot an otter on the ice.

Another man of the same sort—a poet and dramatist of sorts; but a poor prose-writer—seemed to care little for his literary reputation, but was eager to be recognised as an Alpine climber, figure-skater, and ski-runner. He also went in for shooting and rented a place in the Highlands, to which he invited me to pay a visit. He went there only during the autumn and winter, when the frost and snow gave him a chance of practising his "winter sports."

**PLAYING A FISH.**

I accepted his invitation, and found that he also possessed salmon-fishing rights on a neighbouring loch, the season on which commences earlier than in most places; and much to his annoyance he found that the ghillies he had taken over with the estate expected him to go fishing on the opening day.

He was profoundly disinclined to do so; but I got him out, and with a couple of rods astern—it was a loch where trolling with artificial char was the recognised method of angling—we were duly rowed along the shore on a bitterly cold February day, diversified by snow squalls.

At the end of two hours the scream of his reel told my host that he was into a fish. I reeled up, the ghillies ceased rowing, the cork was taken off the gaff, and all was excitement.

It is etiquette for the "gentleman" to play his own fish, and my friend stood up and held on manfully enough for the first hour, at the end of which time he was blue with cold and his fingers well-nigh frozen.

**WELCOME FAILURE.**

Whether he did it on purpose or not will never be known, since he could keep his own counsel; but suddenly he dropped the point of his rod, and in an instant the fish was away. The disgust of the ghillies was great; the first fish of the season, and a record for the loch, in their judgment, had been lost; but all the dramatist said as he resumed his seat and blew upon his numbed fingers was: "Thank God, he's gone!"

On a subsequent occasion, in August, I paid him another visit, and we again went fishing. He played and landed a nice grilse, but without the slightest pleasurable emotion. When the ghillie stilled its struggles with the "priest," as it lay in the bottom of the boat, his only comment was: "That'll teach him not to do it again!"

It was the same with shooting. He was a fine shot, but I verily believe he never recognised anything at which he aimed until he had brought it down, and not always then. I once saw him fire into the brown of a family of young pheasants in August, and slay no less than seven of them.

**POULTRY AND GAME.**

This was a lesson to him for the time, and shortly afterwards he came in one day, and said that he had found a strange bird dead on the hill, but, not knowing what it was, he had left it there. I had little doubt but what he had shot it, and, finding it an unknown quantity, had left it there in case it was something he ought not to have killed. He described the place, and I went up and found a plump young grey-hen, which I brought in. It was two days before black-game shooting commences, and I pointed out the enormity of his crime from the sportsman's point of view.

His wife knew rather less of sporting matters than he did; but when I told them what it was, she took it out to the cook, an importation from the south, like herself. What instructions the lady gave in the kitchen, I don't know; but she presently returned, and, addressing me somewhat viciously, announced that, "Cook says it isn't a hen at all, but some sort of wild bird."

"TRIGGER."

ENSURING A MERRY EVENING, WITH A BALANCE ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

There is, perhaps, no jollier form of evening entertainment for a crowd of men who know one another than a smoking concert; but though on the night itself the energetic promoter enjoys himself as much as anybody, the business of arranging the function is by no means a soft job.

There are, of course, smoking concerts and smoking concerts. Some are got up between a party of a few friends, each or some of whom are going to provide the "melody" in turn, and each puts an equal share towards the cost of hiring a room and paying for the drinks, such as they are.

**PRICE OF TICKETS.**

From the point of view of expense, this type of smoker is comparatively insignificant. There are no performers to pay, and, as nobody is out to make a profit, each man's individual subscription of a shilling or even less—say there are twenty-five or thirty men—ought easily to cover room rent and drinks.

But to the enterprising man, smoking concerts offer an opportunity of giving his pals a good time, and also of benefiting the funds of any charity or athletic club in which he may be interested. Let us figure out how this may be done.

First of all, whip up about fifty or so friends and tell them you are arranging a smoker, at two shillings a head. Say that fifty agree to come along, that gives you a working capital of £5.

**ENGAGING A ROOM.**

Now we must take our room. In the theatrical districts of London and all the big provincial towns there are to be found hostels which boast rooms with pianos, which are used by theatrical companies for purposes of rehearsal. Such rooms can readily be hired for three hours or so in the evening for 6s. or 7s.; or, with electric light and the attendance of one waiter, for 10s. 6d. or so.

Now we come to the question of drinks. We must make it clear beforehand that beer and minerals will be included in the price of admission; but that if any sybarite wants whisky or other spirits he will have to pay for it himself. Get in, say, 75 quarts of beer (ale and stout) and various kinds of lemonade, etc. There probably won't be any great rush on the latter, so we won't need much of it.

**SECURING ARTISTES.**

Now for our performers. If we get one pianist and four singers to ring the changes on, we shall have quite enough, and if we know how to find them, we shall have no difficulty in securing good performers in the out-of-an-engagement theatrical ranks, who will be glad to sing or play for 5s. and a little refreshment. Thus our bill will come to:

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Room, light, and attendance ..... | | 10 | 6 |
| Beer ..... | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Minerals ..... | | 2 | 6 |
| Performers ..... | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Total ..... | £3 | 3 | 0 |

Thus, deducting three guineas from our fiver, we find ourselves with £1 17s. in hand. We need have no trouble about a licence, for establishments such as I have in mind are fully provided in this respect.

One little stumbling-block that some promoters trip over is neglecting to choose the songs. He must avoid anything that will offend any particular guest or guests. For instance, if there are a mixture of Liberals and Conservatives present, a political ditty favouring one side would be much resented by the other.

Finally, the host or promoter, whatever you like to call him, should personally greet each man at the door, and move among his guests from time to time, asking how each is getting on.

J. C. WARD.

# THE COUNTRY SUNDAY

## A RESTFUL DAY FROM A SPORTSMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

The average man, whether he dwells in town or in the country, is met each week by the recurrent question, "What shall I do on Sunday?"

For the townsman occupied in business between Monday morning and Friday night—or, if he is unlucky, until Saturday afternoon—the gradual spread of the week-end habit from the North of England to the South has solved this problem to some extent. For very little more than it would cost him to stay in town and do a theatre, with supper to follow and a few friends entertained on Sunday night, he can fly away at inclusive terms to some up-river or seaside resort and enjoy the real or supposed benefits of a change of air.

### VISITING THE LIVE STOCK.

It is in the country that the hours are apt to be dull and long, unless a man has some definite series of things to do between breakfast and bed time. Some men have drifted gradually into a system of passing their Sabbath hours, until their friends can be quite certain what they will be doing at any hour of the Day of Rest.

They may or may not go to church, and they may select their time of going so as to "get it over before breakfast," or fill the gap before lunch. But however they may deal with this problem, there are other things they must do.

Nothing is more pleasant in a country Sunday than the morning visit to the live stock. The horses know it is Sunday, and are taking their rest in stall or box. They have learnt to look for their owner's visit, with its accompaniment of a piece of sugar or a carrot. The stove in the harness-room throws out an inviting warmth, as the owner and his friends look in to disturb the groom and perhaps his pal in their chat over next week's "favourites," or in the perusal of the Sunday paper or one of the weeklies.

### LOAFING IN THE STABLE.

With a rug thrown over the corn-bin one can sit and idly swing one's legs, smoke a pipe, and cast one's complacent glance over burnished bits, polished leather, and an orderly arrangement of whips and crops, stirrup-irons, and curb-chains. In the stalls or boxes sheets can be thrown back and quarters exhibited, fetlocks felt, and time spent in eulogising the performances of one's favourites on the road or across a country.

The kennels come next. The dogs come bounding to welcome their master, and especially rejoice if he lets them out for a gallop in the paddock, while he points out their merits to his visitor. They stare wistfully after him as the gates clang, and retire to their benches confident that even if the weather be too bad for an afternoon walk they will see him again at the four o'clock dinner hour.

A walk round the garden may follow, and, though the earth is brown and bare, the leaves decaying in their heap in a corner, and the inevitable robin's plaintive piping comes from some leafless tree, yet the imagination already peoples it with the flowers of spring, as the enthusiastic gardener has planned that they shall be, with all those alterations and improvements that he intends to carry out during the dead months.

### AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Lunch—substantial as it always is on Sunday in the country, even if it be not called dinner—inclines to repose during the early hours of the afternoon, but a sharp walk before sunset, followed by the feeding of the dogs or the poultry, will prepare one for tea and those visitors which tea frequently brings in its train.

Others may look in for supper and a game of bridge, but the rule is always early to bed. One rises fit for another week's work and rather thankful that the so-called "Continental Sunday" has not yet ousted the peaceful British institution, so far, at any rate, as the country is concerned.

A. E. LODGE.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**OUR LATEST SCHEME.**

As you will find by referring to page 285, we have pleasure in announcing our latest scheme for the benefit of our readers.

Time and again I have acknowledged the fact that the success of this paper is chiefly due to the kindness of those who have introduced it to their friends, and the new scheme has been devised in order that such enthusiasm may be rewarded.

Full particulars will be given next week.

**FRIENDS ABROAD.**

No one knows better than an editor the value which men who have left their own country place upon English periodicals. Letters which I receive from Colonial readers show me that mail-day is more eagerly anticipated by them than is the weekly half-holiday in this country, and the man who finds on mail-day that his friends at home have forgotten him is heavy at heart; not infrequently he has sat down and written to me about it.

Letter-writing, even to dear friends, becomes in time a bit of a task, and the letters themselves lose their brightness from the very fact that they are written from a sense of duty, and not on an impulse. You want your friend abroad to have a reminder of you each mail-day, but that that reminder should always be a letter is not humanly practicable, for sometimes you have nothing to write about.

It is much better to place the matter of this weekly reminder in the hands of someone else, and I suggest that you should place it in our hands.

Send us your friend's name and address with 8s. 8d., and we shall post to him every week for a year, without fail, a copy of this paper, no matter in what part of the world he may be. Then every mail-day he will have this weekly reminder of you and of your thoughtfulness, and your letters will add, but will not be essential, to his happiness.

Any English paper is acceptable to those overseas, but THE MODERN MAN is particularly so, because the man who tries his fortune in foreign parts is of the vigorous, out-door stamp who enjoys our pages.

Subscriptions can be commenced at any time, but if you send your friend's name now, we shall be able to dispatch his first copy in time to reach him for Christmas. All subscriptions should be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

**EXCESS OF COURTESY.**

From the many amusing experiences which my friends are sending me regarding our "Nice Place" postcards, I select the following, which comes from a Leicester reader:

"I have had some fun with your postcards," he writes, "but the best, I think, was with one I dropped outside the G.P.O., in London Road. A young chap picked it up and looked at it. He hesitated some minutes, and then pulled out a stamp, stuck it on, and dropped it in a pillar-box. Where that card is now, goodness only knows!"

We shall be happy to send a supply of these highly artistic and amusing postcards, entirely free of charge, to any reader who forwards to us a large stamped and addressed envelope. Applications should be addressed to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

**MAKING FRIENDS.**

Here is a pleasant letter from a reader who has settled in Winnipeg:

"I am doing very well out here," he says, "but that does not mean that everybody would do well. I some who have come out have discovered that jobs are as scarce here as they are at home, but in my line, saddlery, I find the change is for the better.

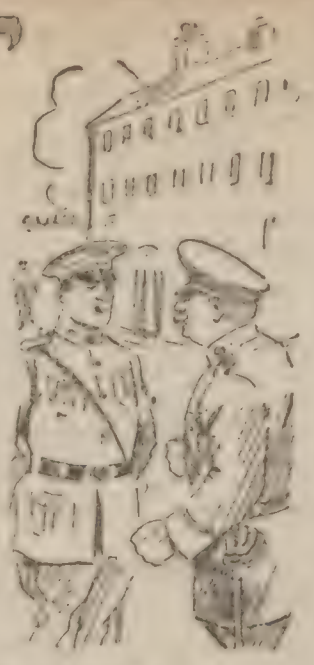
"I knew no one in this Colony, and came out entirely on spec. I was rather afraid that I would feel lonely on the voyage, and a bit homesick, but in Southampton the evening before sailing, I was fortunate enough to meet a League member who was also going to Canada. He proved to be one of the best, and his company made all the difference on the voyage."

I have received many similar letters showing the advantage of membership of the League, and I would advise all my readers who have not yet joined to do so without delay.

YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# "FED UP"



## THE PIN-PRICKS OF ARMY LIFE.

If it be true—and who shall doubt it?—that, Kipling sings:

"The Colonel's lady
And Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins,"

Captain de Montmorency Smythe-Tomkyns Private "Ginger" Smith are brothers in e buff.

Also when they get the needle and read the Black Mass" over the Service, beginning with e Commander-in-Chief—I am thinking of the hen the Army was not commanded by a eat lawyer — and ending with the last-joined mmer-boy.

I'm —— well fed up with soldiering, an' I'm goin' g my 'ook," says "Ginger," sometimes adding that is going to put the lights out of some non-com. who has ed his wrath.

Whereupon his pals fall upon him, tell him not to be mething ass, and take him to some quiet spot where he safely spout sedition and drink much beer.

"Ginger" sleeps the sleep of the beery, and usually es up in the morning his own man again.

### S LITTLE WAY.

I may be a fool, old man, I may be a damned fool," Montmorency, weeping into his whisky-and-soda, t I am not such a damned fool as to stick to the Service the way I've been treated. I'm sick of it all, and I'm o send in my papers this very night. Dash me, if I

unty's bosom pal agrees that the Service is no longer lace for a gentleman, but they might as well take a ll down town, and after his fifteenth whisky-and-soda begins to take a less pessimistic view of things, and stage would be ready to fight anybody who suggested e was going to cut the Service, or that there was anywrong with it.

ner or later every officer or man gets "fed up" in the se of his service—I've been through it myself.

What causes this unamiable condition? Sometimes a may have a genuine grievance, may have been the serious wrong, but that scarcely produces the of being "fed up."

### RITICISM.

not so much rank glaring injustice that induces the r to tell his colonel to go to Sheol, the man to chuck his rifle on parade, as an accumulation of pin-pricks, there are many pin-pricks in Army life.

time we were spared one annoyance that is now I refer to the constant and ignorant abuse levelled officers in the Press by caddish snobs who hate e in a better social position than they.

Of course, when all is well with a man these spiteful ibes do not affect him, but they are apt to irritate him n he is fagged with a round of wearisome duties for ch he receives no adequate pay.

However, it is of the pin-pricks inherent in Army life I am thinking.

### EVERYTHING.

ere is the pin-prick of monotony. It is not always ght" in the mess. Life is sometimes very, very Stuck away in some forsaken hole where there is no society, no reasonable recreation to be had, you almost to hate the familiar faces, certainly to loathe amiliar jokes.

ou view everybody and everything through jaundiced The colonel, as good a man as ever wore jack-boots, fussy old fool or a hide-bound martinet; Jones, whose to make you roar, is a vulgar buffoon, and you r how the devil anyone can see anything amusing in Regimental life is stale, flat, and unprofitable. You fed up."

Kipling, in one of his tales, describes how a continued of hashed mutton and boiled rice and stewed prunes ually sends the boarding-school miss into hysterics, and the Army man is peculiarly liable to get hysterics, only they take a different form with him.

Much of an officer's work is profitless, or, at least, no immediate result is to be seen, and it is the unchanging round of niggling duties, in which it is almost impossible to take any rational interest, that eventually gets on a man's nerves and makes him curse the day he entered the Service.

Then there are times when the strain of ever-present discipline becomes almost intolerable.

It is true, as I have told you in other articles, that off duty all are almost equal, but not quite. The clerk when he quits his day's work becomes a free man; his employer has no power over him until next morning; but the Army officer, so to speak, lives with his employer.

When his seniors are present he must bridle his tongue, the shadow of discipline is never entirely absent, and there are times when you feel that you cannot breathe, that you had rather sweep a crossing than live another day in the mess.

### LONGING FOR FREEDOM.

A mess is a family, but even in the happiest of families there are occasional jars. There are times when you feel "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd," when you resent the lack of privacy, the candid criticisms of your actions, the futility of pretending to be anything but yourself, the difficulty—if not the impossibility—of having a little corner all to yourself.

In short, you get bored with yourself and your comrades, and long for a freer and a wider life, where, so to put it, you will not always be living under a glass case.

There are the more material pin-pricks: the pin-prick of waiting for dead men's shoes, and that of being left behind when the regiment goes to the front.

There is the irritation of having to kow-tow to an objectionable Mrs. C.O., and there are the pin-pricks of favouritism and minor injustice.

### STICKING IT.

Of course, all professions and careers have their pin-pricks, but the civilian can lead two lives—his business and his private life—and he can keep them absolutely separate. Not so the soldier, be he officer or man, and I think it is this want of privacy, this monotonic existence, combined with the petty annoyances, irritations, and disappointments inseparable from any career, most tends to produce in the soldier the condition of being "fed up."

However, my experience is that "Montmorency" usually hangs on until retired under the age limit, when he writes indignant letters to the "Times," while "Ginger" re-engages, extends, does anything he can to remain in the Service he periodically curses up hill and down dale, until they fairly have to push him out of it on pension.

"CHINSTRAP."

## IMPERFECTIONS IN TIME-KEEPING.

Despite the boasted accuracy of modern timing in races—we are talking chiefly of sprints, wherein accuracy is of the greatest moment—there are several points which might be brought to the notice of governing bodies to show how time-keepers are liable to error.

The greatest degree of exactitude is reached, of course, by an expert in the manipulation of the stop-watch; but even here a fraction of a second may be lost, for, as most of us are aware, some stop-watches are slower starters than others.

Again, how is the time-keeper at the tape to know when to set his watch going? By the report of the pistol? If so, we must not forget that even in so short a distance as a hundred yards, one-tenth of a second will elapse before the sound of the report reaches his ears.

Possibly, however, he will declare, as many time-keepers do, that he starts by the motion of the body. Here, again, the method is unsatisfactory.

It is obvious that if he does go by the motion of the body he must look at one particular runner; and that runner may not be the first off.

Suppose, indeed, that that particular man gets left at the post, the time-keeper would be in a fearful stew. Still, although we may criticise, it is difficult to suggest an alternative method, for perfect accuracy in timing may be taken to be practically impossible.

THE TALE OF A BULL-TERRIER.

# PIKANIK'S PAL

By SIDNEY NORTH.

I have been told by the dog-experts of King's Norton that I must not imagine that the possession of a bull-terrier pup is "all honey." I gather that it is something like a treatment for sore throat. There is vinegar mixed with it. However, I have yet to come to the vinegar, and to my delight (justly tempered with a fresh expense, because the joys of life are things to be paid for) my Pikanik dog has grown out of his puppyhood collar.

I have had to take him to the town to be fitted. Just as my father saw to it in the days of my youth that my suits should be made a little bigger than my exact measurements required at the moment, so, in the case of Pikanik, the new collar which is to adorn the day when he shall be a dog grown, has several holes to spare, to allow for expansion.

Dogs acquired in their puppyhood assume various characters as time goes on. At the moment Pikanik is as a son to me. My father, I am sure, felt the same thrill when he put me, his first born, into trousers, as I did when I invested Pikanik with his adult collar. The first one merely bore my name on the little brass plate. This larger one, riveted on a broader strip of brown leather, says: "PIKANIK, *by Ch. Sam Lavender—Minnie*," and follows with my name and address as demanded by the regulations.

Unlike boys in trousers (I write this remembering my own conceit), Pikanik, while appreciating the honour, has not cut all the friends of his youth in consequence.

He still plays unreservedly with his contemporary, Snatcher, the fox terrier pup belonging to young Mills, who works on Farmer Hoffer's land at a very small wage per week. Young Mills has fair hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion, with a light down on his cheeks. He is an outcrop of some earlier Saxon formation. You would not think it, perhaps, from his—what shall I say—apathetically resigned, coarse-featured countenance, but he has feelings and appreciation, although his one luxury is a bottle of stone ginger-beer with a dash of ale in it, on Saturday nights.

He is away at work all day, and his dog, Snatcher, often spends the entire time of his absence playing, eating, and sleeping with Pikanik in my garden. He is a good little pup, who, for all that no one knows his father for certain, never wishes to run down to the village and revel in the wickedness of the mongrel belonging to Lecky, the cobbler. His mother's frailty is not worth while entering into, but her owner had cause to consider her not worthy of her breeding, and gave away every one of the pups with which she economically presented him, without the expense of a stud visit.

Young Mills, in imitation of me, has written in ink on the old collar that Knowler, the inn-keeper, gave him, "Snatcher. Mills, King's Norton." There is a trite lack of the equivalent to the duly recorded breeding of Pikanik.

Snatcher, however, is the one youthful companion I allow my scion of a noble house. His master spends many a half-hour on Sundays looking over my fence, and watching these two at play. And what an entirely glorious game it is!

It leads off with imitation boxing in the middle of the lawn. Little Snatcher, being half Pikanik's size, has to give the weight away, but he makes it up in dash, and bangs himself at my dog's chest—rather, I fear, like a passing cloud-shadow against a rock. But Pikanik is a courteous opponent. He pretends to feel the effect of the blow. He is a bad actor, however, and only rolls over a clear couple of seconds after it is delivered.

Then he scampers away, followed by his apparently victorious opponent. They dash into the laurels, and it is here that Pikanik turns suddenly and trips up the enthusiastic Snatcher in his mad career, finally throwing himself upon him, rolling-pin wise, just to show he is the master.

It is now the turn of Snatcher to be the hare. But he is easily caught in the middle of the lawn. His ears are duly bitten in friendly fashion, and the game being over, they dash at me full tilt for appreciation and puppy biscuits.

To call out: "Steady, Pikanik! Down, Snatcher!" is all in vain. Pikanik has me literally by the hair, and Snatcher is trying to clamber up to my chin *vid* the uncertain way of my canvas garden-chair.

Now, watching those two [illegible] that same game, even as I write, [illegible] apprehension that my ink will be upset as soon as it is concluded, I call to mind how near it was that Pikanik came to being without his playmate.

I noticed first of all a sentiment expressed on the half-uncaring resigned face of Young Mills, the worker at a small wage on Hoffer's farm. And that it was sadness was strange to me. I had seen the half-smile that, I suppose, passed for the pleasure that was in this good-natured, slow-witted clod.

Aye, without a semblance of [illegible] criticism or contempt do I write this [illegible] scription of Young Mills—one of a class whose minds—God pity them—seem sadly inferior to those of the cattle they tend, the horses they guide over the furrows.

Sadness . . . a dropping at the mouth of a young [illegible] who was used to hard words, rough treatment, whose idea of his position in the universe was abasing himself to the squire.

I had seen him questioned one night by the village stable. I had seen him lurch away, not troubling to [illegible]

Whatever your age, occupation, or means may be; wherever you may reside—I.C.S. spare-time training will increase your earning power.

Here is an example of "spare time turned into gold." The writer of this letter now earns £2. 15s. for every sovereign he got before enrolling with the I.C.S.

*"It is only two years since I joined your Schools: three days afterwards you helped me to a position. Only twelve months since your training secured me my late post with a good increase in salary, and now again, through being an I.C.S. student, I have obtained this position with 80 per cent. more, or 175 per cent. since enrolling. Naturally I am more than thankful that I am a student and sincerely hope that the above will induce others to join."*

*(Signed)* THOMPSON OLIPHANT, Haslingden, Lancs.

The I.C.S. train you *for* your work whilst *at* your [illegible] No classes, no extras, no wasted time, no needless [illegible] cations—every lesson simple, thorough, practical—[illegible] in itself. All books free. Over 180 different courses.

All preliminary information free. It means but little trouble to send the coupon—which leads to increased wages and permanent success.

**"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"**
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it *is* so.

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Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can [illegible] to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or [illegible] before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here [illegible])

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—Engineering (state which)
—Analytical Chemistry
—Modern Languages
—Architecture
—Advertising
—Applied Art
—Book-keeping
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—Motor
—Civil Service
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*Over 160 other Courses.*

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*Address* .....

dog. The constable bestowed a glance on Snatcher, whom he knew to be doomed.

As well might the cost of the licence he mentioned be seven hundred and fifty pounds as seven shillings and sixpence!

That night the boy came to me. He pointed out that Snatcher was as obedient to my call as to his, that his little red tongue was as willing to lick my hand as that of his master. Would I have him?

He picked Snatcher up and thrust him into my lap.

There was no mistaking Pikanik's protest.

"Take him away!" I said, sadly, to Young Mills.

The boy turned on his hobnailed heel, disconsolately.

Pikanik watched them go to the gate.

Then he called out to his pal.

"Woof, woof!" he said. "See you to-morrow."

Guiltily enough, I turned my face from my dog. It was in my power to save his playmate; yet seven-and-sixpence in King's Norton is three half-crowns—each a "vast o' money."

But Pikanik interrupted my sad thoughts, licking my face and lightly biting my fingers. He cheered me—this good boy of mine.

It was only by chance I looked up to see that Snatcher, too, was excitedly jumping up to the big coarse hand of his master.

Well, seven-and-sixpences don't grow on gooseberry bushes, but I asked a question of Pikanik.

"Woof!" said Pikanik, in reply. And that meant, "Of course, you must pay his licence, guv'nor. Think of the bad company I should get into without him."

A very artful dog is Pikanik, by champion Sam Lavender —Minnie.

## PASSING A "STUMER" CHEQUE.

### A WILY DODGE USED IN THE WEST-END.

Nowadays the passing of "stumer," "dud," or, *anglice*, worthless cheques is such a difficult proceeding that it takes a clever judge of human nature to do it successfully; but if the gentry of the flash persuasion in the West-End were not judges of their fellow-men they would not make much money at the game.

Some of them have evolved a particularly ingenious scheme for preying upon the avarice of others. This is how it is done. The possessor of a book of stumer cheques gets himself up to the nines, and searches the bars until he finds a young man who looks fairly well off, but not so well off as to be beyond the temptation of moderate gain. When he comes across a likely bird he starts, stares, and then goes up to him.

"Why, my dear old boy, how *are* you?" he shouts, speaking rapidly and not allowing the other a chance to say a word. "I haven't clapped eyes on your cheery face since that day at Kempton, when you lent me that quid. Now I want to give it you back."

He fishes out a cheque-book and a fountain-pen, and begins to write. The other is torn between two doubts. Shall he admit he does not know the other, or shall he take his sovereign? Probably greed wins.

"How do you spell your name, dear boy?" asks the crook, and he is told. "By the way, old chap, I'm sure you won't mind. I've made it out for thirty bob, as I'm skinned for the night. Bung me the odd half James, there's a dear chap!" For a moment the other hesitates, but greed again makes him disgorge, only to find next day that the cheque is a stumer.

## OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by our Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article to be had in London, provided he sends with his order a sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to The Modern Man, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial-Universal Supply Department, The Modern Man Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.


# If you are interested in your own Physical Welfare, please read the following extract from our latest booklet.

It is not in "mad endeavour" that objects are attained, but the judicious employment of our powers, that leads to success, and upon these lines we work.

The Key-note of our System is Muscle Control, and we are confident that herein we have struck a note of absolute originality.

We mean "Control" in the fullest meaning of the word, *i.e.*, to restrain, to govern, and direct. It signifies more than the mere flexing and relaxing of the muscles by "joint" movement; in fact, nothing else than the controlling of muscles apart from joint movement.

It would not be difficult to trace out the results of following a System which does not involve loss of energy, and great fatigue; but space is limited, and, moreover, we do not wish to trouble the reader to wade through the sands of Scientific Facts, which brought us to discover the most wonderful System of which we have record.

We leave the reader, after reading the foregoing, to follow out for himself the only logical conclusion, which is, that the **Maxick-Saldo System** is the **Alpha and Omega** of Physical Culture.

**What the Maxick-Saldo System of Physical Culture is.**

The System is a combination of two kinds of exercises, *i.e.*, Mechanical and Control. The Mechanical Exercises, although requiring a certain amount of energy to perform, compel the muscles to work, and thus prepare them for, and render them susceptible to, the control which constitutes the ground-work of the system.

As the concentrative power of the mind increases, the greater becomes the controlling force, and the less mechanical or energy-wasting work is required. Eventually the mechanical exercises may be left out entirely, for the proficient student will be able to thoroughly exercise all muscles, the internal as well as external layers, without any output of energy.

This means that a busy man, who has neither time nor convenience for going through an elaborate course of daily training with some of the inventions with which the market is flooded, will be able to keep himself thoroughly fit and efficient with ten minutes daily exercise, without the inconvenience of apparatus.

Successful Musicians, Artists, and Business Men all owe that same success to control.

To gain control is one of the simplest things in the world, but, like many other simple things, the way to do it had to be discovered.

As the Romans, at the height of their intellectual culture, were ignorant of the first laws of hydraulics (an ignorance which caused them to build those mighty Aqueducts, some of which are almost 70 miles in length), so is the ordinary Physical Culturist lacking in knowledge of the simplest laws through whose agency strength and fitness are obtained. He goes the longest way round, because he has had no opportunity of knowing better. If he gets anywhere, eventually, it is greatly to his credit, because he has, no doubt, had to face many set-backs, and has, probably, handed out a lot of money into the bargain.

To resume, control teaches you where to pull and where to press; using the various salient points of the bone as fulcra, and the muscles and joints as levers. Even the tendons become plastic and pliable, and will lose the toughness which many years' wrong exercising has caused.

Even the air pressure is used to assist in a certain relaxed contraction. (See photos of Soguel and Wühr; also One-sided Abdominal Control of Maxick and Saldo).

Then comes the awakening of a sympathy between the brain and the muscles which is marked in the beginning, by a greater clearness of mental power, and increased responsive power on the part of the muscles. Then as the circulation of the blood, the organs of digestion, elimination and respiration become subjective to the will, you have gained the power of keeping absolutely healthy and fit, without any inconvenience or apparatus.

You cannot possibly become stale or tired, as is the inevitable result of training with bells or chest expanders.

As we write, a testimonial has come to hand, which we publish, as it is the last one received before this booklet goes to press. With it we also publish the first testimonial received, and we beg to inform the reader that they are a pattern of the greater part of those that have been sent to us, although they deal with diverse subjects, from Weak Heart to Great Strength.

**First Testimonial Received.**

Blaenau Festiniog,
N. Wales.
21st March, 1910.

Dear Sirs,

I have safely received my fourth lesson with which I am most pleased, as with the others.

I have been thoroughly satisfied from the day I received the first lesson. There is one point that struck me. You appear to be giving individual attention to each pupil. This is my first P.C. Course, but a friend of mine, who has taken several, tells me that his letters were not personally signed, as yours are, but the signatures were impressed with a rubber stamp.

I thank you for your kind inquiry re my kidney trouble, which has disappeared completely. This is another point which I appreciate.

Yours faithfully,

**Last Testimonial Received as we go to Press.**

Messrs. Maxick & Saldo, N. Finchley.

Dear Sirs,

I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday, enclosing exercises for lesson 3.

I may say that I have improved wonderfully since the first lesson. Indigestion and constipation are things of the past. I have never taken any opening or other medicine since reading your first instructions; at the same time I have got rid of bleeding piles.

In conclusion, I have to thank you for your valuable advice, which has made life worth living and shows wonderful prospects for the future.

Yours faithfully,

# NEED WE SAY MORE?

*For fuller particulars send a card to*

**MAXICK & SALDO,**

**ETON HOUSE, ETON AVENUE, NORTH FINCHLEY, LONDON, N.,**

*and you will receive them gratis and post free by return of post.*

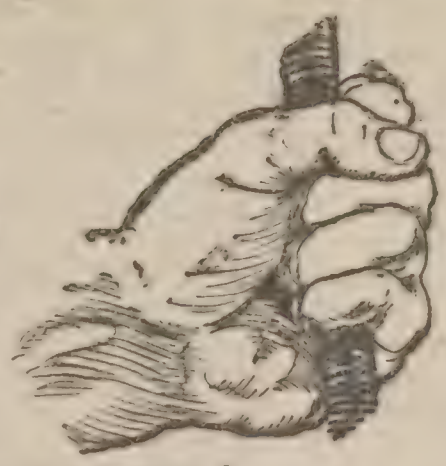
P.S.—Third Edition of "How to become a Great Athlete" now ready, post free 1/1½.

# Rapid Physical Development

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

## TRAINING FOR SPORTS.

### WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE WILL AND WILL NOT DO.



Many of those who are interested in Physical Culture take it up not only for the sake of increasing the size of the muscles, but as a preparation for sport, and an excellent one it is, but in itself alone it is not a sufficient training.

For rowing, football, running, long-distance walking, and other sports and games one requires more than the usual amount of physical development, and by carefully selecting one's exercises, this additional development can soon be attained, with correspondingly beneficial effects upon one's proficiency in the particular sport concerned.

Great care, however, should be taken not to select exercises of too heavy a character, for, though the size of a muscle may be increased, it may be at the same time made considerably stiffer, with disastrous effects so far as sport is concerned. The best exercises are those which affect the muscles used in the sport, but which are also of a comparatively light character, not involving too much strain.

In addition to exercises, however, it is necessary for you to train with plenty of practice at the sport concerned.

You never could turn out a first-class running man who has trained in a gymnasium only. If you want to excel at running, you must practise running as often as opportunity offers, and in practising you must be guided by experts in running, just as you are guided by your teacher in your Physical Culture exercises.

The same applies to all other forms of sport. The best training for sport is plenty of practice at the sport itself, backed up by judicious diet and suitably selected exercises.

One thing that those interested in sport are constantly asking is some way to produce additional stamina. The easiest, and perhaps the best, method is to go in for long-distance walking.

## DEVELOPING THE NECK.

### A QUICK AND SIMPLE METHOD.

Keep the chin well in.

The exercise which I give this week provides a rapid method of developing the size and strength of the neck, and it also tends to improve the carriage and to increase the chest measurement.

Stand erect, and slowly press your head backwards, without altering the position of the body.

Do not raise the shoulders or hollow the back.

Whilst pressing the head backwards, *press the chin in as much as you can* without opening the mouth. Press it down, in fact, as if you were trying to feel the front of your collar with it. If you let the chin stick out during this exercise, you lose all its benefits, but by pressing the chin in, you expand the muscles at the side of the neck, and also strengthen those attached to the underjaw.

When the head has been pressed back as far as possible, lower it, without tension, to the normal position, and repeat the exercise.

Whilst pressing the head backward, make every muscle of the neck as tense and hard as you can. A little practice will soon enable you to harden these muscles without even bending the head backwards.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

**H. W.** (Wolsingham).—If you do not give your wrist attention, it may become very troublesome. Poultice the injured part and dress the wound afterwards with an antiseptic ointment such as boracic, which is more pleasant than carbolic, as it has no objectionable smell.

**R. L. W. B.** (Nunhead).—You cannot expect much development if you practise your exercises only twice a week, for a quarter of an hour at a stretch. You should devote at least ten minutes every evening before retiring to your Physical Culture exercises and five minutes in the morning.

**"REMEX"** (Manchester).—The notes this week regarding training for sport were suggested by your letter and are in answer to it.

**C. L.** (Colchester).—The man who holds the title of Britain's Strongest Man is Edward Aston. His system is based on the principles by which he gained his strength.

**A. P.** (Northampton).—The irritable condition of your nerves is probably due to your smoking too much and to your not taking a sufficient amount of exercise in the open air.

**D. S. H.** (Glasgow).—As you say your fingers become "dead" after a cold bath, leave it off till the hot weather comes round again, and content yourself meantime with a cold sponge-down every morning and a warm bath once or twice a week. There are many men who cannot stand cold water baths in winter. This does not imply any defect or ill-health, but is simply due to their particular constitution. It would be folly to continue cold baths when nature warns you to give them up.

**W. F.** (Bradford).—A Turkish bath cleanses the whole system of impurities, but be careful to cool off gradually and properly, and so avoid the danger of catching a chill.

**R. A.** (Wolverhampton).—Your measurements are very good, with the exception of the neck. Practise the exercise given this week.


**THE BEST PRIZE OF ALL**

**IS HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND PHYSICAL PERFECTION.**

This prize is given to every pupil who takes up a Course of the World famous Robinson System of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture.

Complete Contraction, Muscle Control, Will Concentration, Self Resistance, Vibration and Systematic Breathing are all combined to make my system absolutely without rival. You use no apparatus, and so can perform the exercises anywhere at any time.

Judge the Robinson method by the number of experts who are imitating it.

My latest book—"The Use and Abuse of Exercise"—describing this method and giving a host of information on Physical Culture, will be sent free on application. A post card brings it, so send NOW.

**J. JACKSON ROBINSON,** Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M.), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.

*N.B.—Letters require 1d. stamp whether the Envelope is sealed or not.*

**SMITH'S SCHOOL OF EXERCISES,**

**SHEPHERD'S BUSH (Hotel Annexe)**

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**MIAKE, Jap Champion, trains at and recommends my school.**

Call evenings, or send stamped envelope for illustrated book and particulars.

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**CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, LTD.**
(Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

## CLUB NEWS.

**NEWPORT (Mon.).**—The Newport and District Modern Man Club is going strong. All local readers should communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. D. R. Webb, at the Club's headquarters, 63, Stow Hill, Newport.

**HULL.**—The newly established Hull Modern Man Social and Athletic Club has taken a house in Albert Avenue as headquarters. Pending entry on December 1, the Club has secured temporary headquarters at Newington Hall, Albert Avenue.

## SPECIAL FRIENDS OF OURS.

*We print below a further instalment of the list of members of* The Modern Man League. *The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

**SHAW.**

A. KERSHAW, 44, Manchester Road.

**SHEERNESS.**

[illegible] CHANDLER, Junr., 7, High Street; H. T. COOK, 28, Alma Street; [illegible] HARDEN, 24, Alma Street; W. R. HARVEY, 153, Invicta Road; A. MORGAN, 11, Seaview Terrace; B. E. WYATT, 101, Hope Street, Mile Town.

**SHEFFIELD.**

[illegible] ASHBURN, 6, Campbell Road, Attercliffe Road; W. C. ASHTON, 113, Brunswick Road, Pitsmoor; G. E. ASHWORTH, 53, Barker's Road; H. ATKIN, 124, Brompton Road, Attercliffe; S. D. BARNES, 80, Dixon Road, [illegible]; H. BARRON, [illegible] 21, Burton Street; S. C. [illegible], 52, Hampton Road, Pitsmoor; W. E. BEAUMONT, 324, [illegible] Road; F. D. BECKWITH, 77, Calvert Road, Woodhouse; A. E. BELL, 105, Nicholson Road, Heeley; J. BLOCKLEY, 88, Sutherland Road, Pitsmoor; C. S. BOOTH, Sunnyside, Holmley Lane, Dronfield; J. W. BOOTH, 10, Havelock Square; C. BOUCHER, 25, South Street, Park; C. S. M. BOWLER, 90, Heely Bank Road; T. BOWN, 25, Wateny Lane; E. BRIGGS, 265, Golt Terrace, Stockbridge; J. BUNDY, Fairholme, Derwent; W. E. BURNAND, 63, Norton Lees Road, Meersbrook; C. BURGIN, 165, Stannington Road; J. C. CAMPBELL, 232, Broomhall Street; J. G. CATTELL, Ballifield, Handsworth; C. A. CALDWELL, 37, Pickering Road, Parkwood Springs; K. CHADWICK, 182, St. Mary's Road; W. A. CHEETHAM, 819, Chesterfield Road; G. COOK, 27, Rock Street, Pitsmoor; W. COOKE, 53, Grove Street, Pitsmoor; C. COX, 219 White House Lane; J. W. CUNDY, 25, Bellefield Street; H. DAWSON, 23, Earldom Road; C. DIBBIN, 282, Main Road, Darnall; F. E. DIXON, 43, Millmount Road, Meersbrook; W. DIXON, Junr., 70, Gell Street; F. B. DYSON, 188, Carter Knowle Road; F. C. ELLIS, 19, Ronald Road, Darnall; P. ELSHAW 9, Abbeydale Road; Millhouses; E. ENGLAND, 442, City Road; J. FARRELLY, 250, St. Philip's Road; E. J. FOX, 67, Tavistock Road; J. K. FOX, 9, Louth Road, Endcliffe; V. FROGGATT, Albane Road, Stocksbridge; A. FROGGATT, Walker Buildings, Lanchester Road; Stocksbridge; H. GARDINER, 32, Slate Street, Heeley; F. GENDERS, 117, Hoole Street, Walkley; A. GODLEY, 19, Carnaby Road; J. W. GODLEY, 13, Nidd Road, Darnall; A. F. S. GOOLD, Airlie, Bushey Wood Road, Totley Rise; A. GREAVES, 39, Sherrington Road; A. GREEN, 86, [illegible]sley Road, Highfield; C. P. GREEN, 354, City Road; H. GREENWOOD, 17, Bickerton Road, Wadsley Bridge; S. GRIBBLE, 100, Southgrove Road; S. GROUNSELL, 693, Abbeydale Road; F. G. GROVES, Moorwood's Farm, Holmsfield; W. F. GRUNSELL, 86, East Bank Road; G. HAMER, 23, Warrington Road; J. HAMMOND, 5, Nettleham Road, Woodseats; H. HARDY, 721, Abbeydale Road; B. M. HARTLEY, 68, Montford Street; J. Hayes, 81, Upper Valley Road, Heeley; J. F. HIBBITT, 7, Chandos Street, Broomhill.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

[illegible]ership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold-plated tie-pin | 6d. | Solid silver tie-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated safety-pin | 6d. | Solid silver safety-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge | 6d. | Solid silver lapel or cap badge | 1s. |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain | 6d. | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain | 1s. |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

[illegible]rist bands (made up and adjustable)..... 1s. 4½d., post free
[illegible]row bow-ties ..... 1s. 5½d., " "
[illegible]wide-ended [illegible] ..... 2s. 5½d., " "
[illegible] ..... 4s. 11d., " "

[illegible] ordering, state the way in which do not apply, enclose it with [illegible] for the badge you select, and post your letter to the Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

### APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature*.....

*Address*.....

.....


**Total Weight 1215 lbs.**

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**The Course of Exercises that enabled Mr. ASTON to perform this Wonderful Feat will also do Great Things FOR YOU.**

### An Ideal of Muscular Manhood

The photograph of Mr. Aston which accompanies this announcement shows in a truly remarkable manner the Strength, Grace, and Agility with which he is generally credited. As a weight-lifter he is a phenomenon, successfully hoisting such ponderous weights as would have been disbelieved ten or fifteen years ago. Who would have believed that it would be possible to have raised such a weight as 1781b with the left hand above the head in as smart and graceful a manner as, say, Tom Hayward cutting a ball to the boundary? Yet this is what Mr. Aston did in his match for the title of "BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN," and at the termination of the match was so far ahead of his opponent that it was useless to continue; and now look at the photograph of Mr. Aston again and you will realise more than perhaps you have ever before that the GLORY OF A MAN IS IN HIS STRENGTH. The System of Exercises by which Mr. Aston attained to such remarkable heights in the realms of Physical excellence he has also placed within the reach of You, my reader. DO YOU DESIRE TO BE A PHYSICALLY BETTER MAN? If you do, he can make you so.

There is nothing fanciful or mystic about the **Aston System**, it simply **GETS THERE** with results; it has gained a greater percentage of Champions than any system of exercises in the world; it has given a new life to men who have been reduced to a condition of **Absolute Staleness by other methods** and the

**System Costs 5/- only.**

**NOT 5 GUINEAS.**

Below is attached a coupon upon receipt of which, together with 2½d. in stamps for postage and packing, I will forward Mr. Aston's splendid tape measure and his autograph photo as a souvenir, together with particulars. SEND AT ONCE TO—

# EDWARD ASTON,

*Physical Culture Specialist,*

**ASTON HOUSE, CAMBERWELL GREEN, LONDON, S.E.**

To EDWARD ASTON.

Please send me full particulars of your famous system, autograph photo, and tape measure, for which I enclose 2½d. for postage.

*Write plainly.*

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

"M.M." 18/11/11. 5/- C.

CONSPIRATORS—(*Continued from page* 288).

These two gentlemen were the only first-class passengers in the train. The humbler passengers, indeed, had been set free by the chief of the band—the notorious Pantheli the Death—who, however, for his two richer prisoners had demanded a ransom of no less than fifty thousand Turkish pounds.

Six days were to be allowed for the payment of this sum, at the expiration of which time, ran the polite intimation, strenuous measures would be taken with the prisoners—and the usual warning was given as to the immediate result of any attempt at pursuit.

* * * * * * *

In a roughly-built hut, half stone, half brushwood, that lay hidden in a juniper thicket high up a mountain side, two men sat talking over a pan of charcoal. It was a chill damp evening. A drizzling rain fell aslant through the opening where the door should have been, and the white mist drifted in with the rain and wreathed itself about the ragged walls.

In one corner of the hut hung the carcase of a sheep, in another a man lay sleeping on a bag of chopped straw. The two men were talking in low tones so as not to disturb Lebil, the sleeper, and one of them seemed to be annoyed.

"The thing is unnecessary and preposterous, and altogether absurd," said the angered man, with subdued vehemence.

"But the sixth day has passed, Leonidas, and this is the seventh, and still we have no news."

"We'll wait another day. Surely if I can endure this hole you can, and there is no danger."

"That is not the point, Leonidas. It is my professional reputation that is at stake. I said that if the ransom was not paid in six days strong measures would be used."

Scoopeethi made no reply. He sat with his head bent and his hands held over the whitening charcoal.

"It is customary," pursued the brigand, "to begin with the nose, but since you object and are my cousin, we will make it the ear. If you will make up your mind which, we will wake the Bey—he will send one, too, and we can cut . . . . make the necessary arrangements at once and save a post. After all," he added, "it is not a great price to pay for £50,000, and you run no risks."

"I almost wish I'd left you to hang," said Scoopeethi sullenly. "Why should I lose an ear at all? It is not in the contract."

"It is a matter of custom and practice, and therefore understood—and, besides, you must own that it gives a far better finish to the affair."

The banker refused to be consoled by this artistic view of the matter, but the sacrifice was made. Lebil Bey submitted to his share in it with a cheerful resignation that won him Pantheli's regard.

"Allah Kerim!" he said, and shrugged his shoulders. "But if I may make a suggestion, would you mind taking the left ear—it is a little deaf."

When the operations had been performed, he packed his own ear in the little box with meticulous care, and hung over it until it was taken away by the messenger with the anxious tenderness of a maiden bidding her lover farewell.

With the parcel was sent a curt but precise note of the nature of the next and succeeding oblations should such be necessary, ending with an announcement of the exact date when the prisoners' lives would become forfeit.

No such dread extremity was, however, necessary. Two days later a long-limbed ruffian in a ragged fustanella came bounding up the mountain side and announced in breathless gasps that the ransom had arrived and had been deposited at the spot appointed.

And at his glad tidings all the brigands, who had already shown signs of devouring impatience, sprang off down the hill slope with mighty leaps, even Lebil being moved to follow them a few paces waving a red handkerchief, and the two cousins were left alone together in the hut.

"Now, Leonidas," said the brigand chief, "this is my plan. Before I divide with the men I will take your share and mine and put them for safety in a secret hiding-place known to me alone. Later—in a few days, that is—we will visit the place together and remove the money."

The two prisoners were left alone. Scoopeethi, with the knowledge that he had gained £50,000, found it difficult to assume the dejected air proper to a man who has lost an ear and a large fortune.

"We are free," he said tearfully to Lebil, "but alas! what terrible cost in blood and treasure!"

"Wait a bit," said Lebil cheerily. "My ear has been the saving of us—of our money at any rate—and I don't regret its loss."

Scoopeethi turned pale.

"How do you mean?" he gasped.

Lebil laughed.

"When I packed it up," he said, "I put a note with it in the embassy cipher. I described the position of this hut and ordered that the place when the money was deposited should be ambushed, and that an escort should be sent to protect us here. And, by the Grace of Allah, I think the fun is about to begin."

The fun began as he spoke. The sudden rattle of a volley startled the quiet hills.

"That's settled," cried Lebil, and lit a cigarette. "I think my ransom is safe."

The two men stood in the doorway. Scoopeethi with conflicting emotions. "Anyway," he reflected, "the money is hidden and safe. Therefore Pantheli must again be saved; a pardon must be obtained for him. It would cost money, but, well, he must contribute out of his own share. Perhaps since life is sweet he would be glad to forfeit all of it to his cousin and saviour."

His reflections were cut abruptly short. A little way the bushes bent and parted. A man came dashing up the hill, bursting through the scrub, stumbling over the boulders, slipping, scrambling, and staggering. It was Pantheli. His clothes were in ribands. He was deathly pale, and a great fountain of blood was pumping from his breast.

"Leonidas," he cried, as he neared the hut, and then he fell headlong in a heap on the ground.

Scoopeethi ran and knelt by him. The man was dying—would be dead in another moment.

"Pantheli," he whispered eagerly. "The money! Where did you hide the money?"

The brigand opened his fast glazing eyes.

"Safe," he gasped faintly. "No one will ever find . . ."

And no one ever has.


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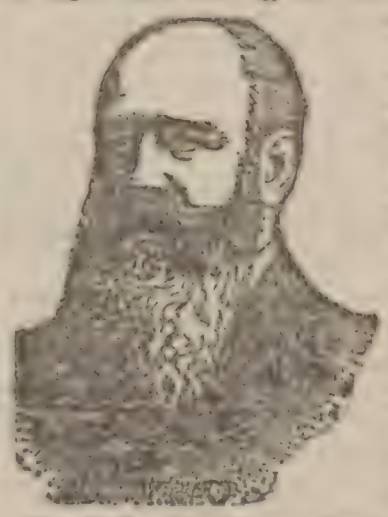

*Giles W. Van Vleck (from a photo).*

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## Nature of the Examination.

The Examination is of an interesting character, no question in it will be found beyond the capacity of an average business mind. Competitors are allowed to use works of reference and to quote them as their authority for the answers given. As it is impossible to print in the limited space of this announcement the whole of the particulars, a brief Prospectus of the Examination has been prepared, indicating the character and scope of the Examination, which will be sent post free on receipt of the coupon at the bottom of next column.

## Why You Should Enter.

It is distinctly understood that sending for the Prospectus of the Examination does not commit any one to the intention of entering the Competition. You may be already engaged in business for your own benefit, or may be earning a higher salary. But the Examination project will nevertheless interest you. You may wish to bring it to the attention of some employé, some junior, or some friend. It is quite certain that the research and thought which would be bestowed on business subjects will make your employé or subordinate more useful in his or her work.

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## How It Concerns You.

Although you may not wish for the £200 salary, the alternative prize of £100 in money may appeal to you.

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But, on the other hand, if you are employed in work which does not give full scope to your talents, or are not paid according to your merits, or see no prospects and security of employment before you, this Business Examination offers a unique opportunity. The commencing salary is substantial, but it only represents the beginning of what a man or woman of thorough business training can aspire to. It is an opportunity which seldom occurs.

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Present Occupation .....

# Business is Business

## LUNCH-TABLE BARGAINS.

### WHY THEY ARE ONE-SIDED.

Somewhere in the Bible—a mine of business wisdom—the man who is given to hearty eating and drinking is recommended to commit suicide rather than to carry his appetites to the King's table.

This place is not suitable for revelling—or was not when the advice was first given. There are many matters of ceremony and deportment that might be forgotten if free play were given to one's appetites.

The same advice may be tendered to those who regard the lunch or dinner table as a suitable place for making a bargain, getting or giving an order, or engaging assistants.

When the food and drink have begun to give a man a feeling that all's well with him and his world, he is apt to become generous to the other man without retaining his sense of justice to himself, and when he gets back to the atmosphere of the office he may think that he has made rather a poor bargain.

The little things that alone could have made the transaction a really profitable one were "thrown in" to the other man, under the genial and warming influence of a good meal in pleasing surroundings.

It may even happen that when he comes to record the details of the transaction, the business man may find that he has no recollection of having settled many of the essential points.

There has been much discussion of late about this bargain-striking at lunch time.

The obvious result of doing, or trying to do, two things at a time, must result in the spoiling of one of them, if not of both.

It matters not whether it is your old bicycle that you want to sell for 35s., or an order worth thousands that you want to place. In either case the bargain is liable to be a bad one if made over the dinner or lunch table.

If the bargain is not spoiled, then the dinner will suffer; and it is unprofitable that even this should be so.

Within the office there is every incentive to adhere to office methods and businesslike terms, but it is only the exceptional man whose business wits are sharpened by good food and an alcoholic drink.

T. STEWART.

## FINANCE.

*(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.*—EDITOR.)

### HOME RAILS.

After being very good, these have had a decided set-back on fears of another strike. Personally I think these fears are groundless, as the men must know that in striking again simply on the question of the recognition of the Unions, they will have the sympathy of no one except the extreme agitators, and they must also be prepared in the event of a strike to have direct and strong opposition from the Government.

Some of the railway company managers are almost hoping that a strike will be declared, as they state that the bulk of the railways can keep going without the strikers, and that consequently the ultimate result to the A.S.R.S. will be disastrous, as recognition will not be conceded on any account. Meanwhile the railway boards are increasing the wages' bill—where it is necessary—and, trade still being good, prices in this market ought to go ahead again.

### OILS, RUBBERS, AND MINES.

Oil shares have improved in price slightly during the week, and Rubber shares are distinctly harder.

Mines have been dull lately, and the South African portion of this market is quite hopeless from either an investor's or an operator's point of view.

### AMERICANS.

These go by contraries, and in spite of the threatened prosecution of the Steel Trust—which would render the Common Stock almost valueless—the price has risen ten points from the lowest, and this market has shown considerable strength all round during the week under review.

If this boom continues, then all I can say is that some of the politicians are not so sincere in their wish to uphold the law as their public utterances would lead one to believe; or, in other words, that they have a secret understanding with the leading financiers. Such an arrangement would not be without precedent in the United States.

### FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

**"PUZZLED"** (Goole).—I can see no reason for complaint; your bargain is amply covered by the official marks, and it would appear that the broker had done well on your account. Of course, it all depends at what time your order was executed.

**L. T.** (Fraserburgh).—I think you had better let well alone. You are getting as large a return as you can reasonably expect with safety.

**"TERRY"** (Tipton).—Hold all with the exception of No. 5, which should be sold at any price obtainable.

**T. C.** (Kilmarnock).—The life of the mine is calculated to be seven years at the outside, but probably not more than five years.

**"QUERY"** (Chorley).—You cannot claim the dividend; the shares were quoted ex-div. ten days before you purchased.

**R. D.** (Dublin).—Sit tight; you will come out all right at the finish.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.


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# GOOD NEWS FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS.

## Mr. R. T. Booth opens the Hyomee Institute, where all sufferers from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and other breathing troubles may obtain

# CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who twenty-seven ago founded the Blue Ribbon Movement. It will be remembered that that glorious work was cut short by an attack of catarrh and threatened consumption, which laid Mr. Booth low, and necessitated him leaving this country. He went to Australia, and there discovered his wonderful cure, Hyomee, the breathing cure for breathing ills. He has now returned to England, where he is organising a national campaign against all troubles of the respiratory organs, and has opened an Institute at British Museum Station Buildings, 133/136, High Holborn, W.C., where he intends to give, either personally or by correspondence,

### CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE

to all sufferers from such troubles as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all breathing troubles.

At the Hyomee Institute Mr. Booth hopes to realise the ambition of his later years, which is to bring about a full knowledge and use of his Hyomee. He says:

**"If your nose is stopped up.**
**"If you have headaches.**
**"If you sleep with your mouth open.**
**"If crusts form in the nose.**
**"If you have head noises.**
**"If your throat is dry.**
**"If you have a short hacking cough.**
**"If you have much discharge from the nose.**
**"If your sense of smell is affected.**
**"If you catch cold easily.**
**"If your hearing is affected.**
**"If mucus drops in your throat."**

"If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse. All sufferers of such troubles as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Head-Cold, Hay Fever, Tonsilitis, Laryngitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Influenza, Consumption, Pharyngitis, Coughs, Colds, Throat Troubles or Breathing Troubles should call on me or write to me at the Hyomee Institute."

We advise all sufferers to either call or write to Mr. Booth, whose generous offer cannot in the nature of things last for long. The time therefore is now if you are to take advantage of the free consultation and advice.

Mr. Booth says: "Give Hyomee a trial. It cures to stay cured where other remedies have failed. What I want sufferers from respiratory troubles to do is either to call on me or to write me personally telling me about their case, and to give Hyomee a trial. I have put the price within the reach of all and, moreover, I place such faith in my remedy (I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed in it) that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you."

The Hyomee Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of inhalant "Hyomee," and directions how to use it for all respiratory troubles, and the price of the Hyomee Outfit to place it within the reach of all is 2/6 complete. A copy of the booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it; but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomee Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

**THEN.**

**Mr. Booth in 1882. Sent by the late Sir Andrew Clark to Australia to die.**

**NOW.**

**Mr. R. T. Booth to-day. A Hale, Hearty Man of 66, with a new great mission.**

## SAVE AND USE THIS.

To Mr. R. T. Booth,
The Hyomee Institute,
9, British Museum Station Buildings,
133, 136, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomee Treatment has done me no good) for which you will please send me a complete Hyomee Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomee Treatment (foreign orders, 1s. extra).

Name.....
(Write very plainly, stating whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

.....

.....

**Important Notice.**

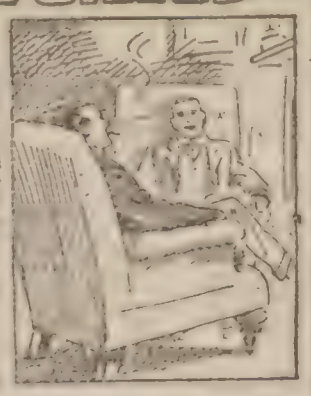
You are invited to write a separate letter to me giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

MODERN MAN.

# SPORTING STORIES

## SHERLOCK HOLMES.



In the naturalist's window the most prominent object was a beautifully stuffed owl, whose glassy eyes even could not detract from the look of wisdom which the venerable bird cast upon the passers-by.

Mr. Patrick McGhee could not, in fact, bring himself to be a passer-by. He had to stand and stare, and after awhile he became infected with a desire to possess the stuffed owl. So he went into the shop.

"Phwat's the price iv yer flat-faced chicken in the windy?" he inquired; and was sorely disappointed to learn that it was not for sale, having just been stuffed for a customer. However, Pat was consoled with an egg, which, he was assured, would, when hatched, produce just such another flat-faced chicken.

He went home, carefully put the owl's egg under a sitting-hen, and waited impatiently for the result. But he was not at all satisfied with it when it came at last.

He looked at the little bird with disgust—and then rushed off with it to the naturalist.

"Look here, sorr," he cried, showing it; "it's aisy to see that some ould drake has been triflin' wid the affections iv yer flat-faced chicken!"

## HOW HE BROKE IT.

Mr. Hodlifter had been looking over fondly on the beer when it was nut-brown, and while four lusty lads were bearing him home Mr. Barrow-Pusher had been sent on to prepare Mrs. Hodlifter for her husband's reception.

"Silence is golden, ain't it, missus?" asked the herald.

"That's what the proverb says," answered the lady.

"Well," said the diplomat, chuckling, "your old man must be richer nor Pierpoint Morgan, 'cos 'e's speechless to-night!"

## WHY HE DIDN'T.

It was at one of those highly-exciting functions known as assaults-at-arms, and the "turn" in progress at the moment was a bout of ju-jitsu between Professor Squin-Ty and an English amateur boxer; or, rather, the Professor was practising ju-jitsu and his opponent was resisting him with a feeble display of boxing methods.

Bill Bruiser, the hero of a hundred fights, was watching with undisguised contempt, and after the Briton had come his last cropper and the bout was over, Bill stopped the Celestial and spoke.

"I say, Professor," he remarked, "I shouldn't a bit like to 'ave a go with you."

The Professor was visibly pleased.

"Why?" he asked, fishing for another compliment.

"Because," said Bill slowly, "you're too young to die yet."

## WISDOM.

William was a Wiseacre—at any rate, so he was reputed by his mates in the stable-yard. No one had been known—or, indeed, had ever attempted—to get the better of William in an argument. The reason was that William always said the right thing at the right moment—and there was no one who could soothe the sorrowing heart with a quiet word better than he.

Herbert was in the Green Cow, buying beer for himself and William after the day's toil, when a soda-bottle cork, clumsily handled by the barmaid, popped out and hit poor Herbert a stinger on the back of the left hand.

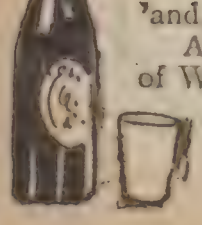
Herbert was considerably inclined to be rheumatic, and the pain was excruciating, wherefore he broke into long and pitiful lamentations. William saw clearly that this was an occasion for another of his soothing remarks.

"Cheer up, 'Erb!" he said. "It might easy ha' been wuss!"

"How's that?" was Herbert's rather testy question.

"Well, the cork might easy 'ave 'it yer on the right 'and, wot you was 'oldin' yer glass o' beer in."

And once again Herbert had to acknowledge the wisdom of William's reasoning.



# BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**W. A. T.** (Dalston).—You can obtain the address of the nearest miniature rifle club by writing to the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, Arundel House, Arundel Street, Strand.

**"BENNY"** (Cork) naïvely asks how he might profitably dispose of "some original poetry, mostly sentimental." Frankly, we don't know.

**H. W.** (Brixton).—Official facts regarding prospects and conditions of life in the Colonies can be had free of charge from the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

**T. L.** (Watford).—Any saddler can make a new strap for your wristlet watch. He will charge about 1s. 6d.

**H. S.** (Sheffield) wishes to know where he can obtain the kind of boots described by Captain Saunders the week before last, under the title "a substitute for [illegible]." Our contributor does not know, as he only observed [illegible] in the street. Perhaps some of our readers can supply H. S, with the information?

**"DIVER"** (Luton).—One of the best moderate-priced restaurants where evening dress is not compulsory is Maxim's, 30, Wardour Street, close to Leicester Square.

**W. H.** (Bury).—No, sir! Not in these pages.

**W. M. BOND,** 57, Otter Street, Derby, who is studying for his P.A.S.I., would like to meet any other architectural student who would care to join him in surveying on Saturday afternoons.

**T. G.** (Ilfracombe).—In choosing a comic song, it is better to select one that is not too well known. If you attempt to imitate a popular comedian your performance will be unsatisfactory, because it will fall short of that with which your audience is already acquainted.

**G. S. W.** (Bath).—Any man can learn to shave himself if he will but work on the right lines. Get a barber to show you how to strop your razor properly, and always see that the water you use for lathering is boiling, and not merely half hot.

**T. H.** (Edinburgh).—We quite agree with you that the so-called safety catches with which stirrup leathers are attached to the saddle are of little use in the event of an accident. If you are doing some jumping, and lack a firm seat, it is best to wear boots that are not too wide in the sole, in order that your foot may slip out of the stirrup easily if you are thrown.

**R. M.** (Newcastle).—It is cheaper in the long run to get a vet. to buy a horse for you than to exercise your own judgment, even though you know that he is going to make a bit out of the transaction besides the fee.

**E. E. R.** (Chester).—As you are not a cigar smoker, it is risky for you to select cigars when making your friend a present. Better get someone who is a connoisseur in this line to make the selection for you.

**E. W.** (Kinsale), **M. C. T.** (Dalston), **F. A. J.** (Blackpool), **M. & L.** (Auchterarder), **R. H. M.** (San Francisco), **J. B.** (West Mow), **F. J. B.** (Exeter), **J. C.** (Crawley), **R. W.** (Shipley), **J.** (Bootle), **E. F. N.** (Colchester), **A. R.** (Sheffield), **D. H.** (Dublin), **W. W. B.** (Leeds), **R. W. O.** (Stoke-on-Trent), **A. J. C.** (Ealing), **A. & A.** (Aberdeen), **F. C. C.** (Teignmouth), **W. H. K.** (Belfast), **A. T.** (Exeter).—Our salaams to you.

**RILEY'S** BILLIARD TABLES

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## USEFUL HINTS FOR INCREASING THE SPECTATOR'S ENJOYMENT OF THE GAME.

The football spectator is notoriously a happy-go-lucky being. He pays his sixpence, or whatever it may be, at the turnstile, and goes to the first part of the ground that seems to him to be not too crowded. He is by no means like the hardened theatre first-nighter, who, wisely or foolishly, will wait for hours and plan like a Machiavelli to secure as good a view as he can.

The wise watcher of football gets to the ground as early as possible. This is an advantage whatever price he has paid for admission. If he is standing he can, as a rule, choose whether he will take up his position in the middle of one side of the field or stand at the back of one of the goals—both of which alternatives have their supporters.

**PICKING A DRY PLACE.**

Again, if he has a seat in a stand and the weather is at all wet, he can, by arriving early, pick and choose among the driest positions. If he turns up late he will perhaps get a seat in the front row, where a torrent of rain will be dashed in his face at every gust of wind, or else he will have to content himself with a damp position under a leak in the roof. Continual dripping will wear away a stone, so the wise men say; and a steady drip, drip on the top of your hat or cap is apt to mar your enjoyment.

Let us go back for a moment to the question of where we should post ourselves round the ropes. Personally, I prefer a position at one end of the centre-line, because from there you have the best view of the entire field; and if it is slightly misty, you will see both goals, while a man at the end of the ground can only see one.

**BEHIND ONE GOAL.**

On the other hand, the man behind one of the goals is at an advantage over you in one respect. He sees all the palpitating details when a goal is scored, or when the custodian brings off a brilliant clearance. If, however, the team whose goal he is surveying is at all stronger than the other, play will centre round the other end of the field, and our spectator sees little of it; but he gets his own back, probably, when the teams change over.

Very few football spectators pay half enough attention to the question of clothes. If the afternoon is fine when they start out, they will often leave their overcoats at home and wear possibly the thin boots in which they have just come back from the office. Then when the sky suddenly becomes clouded over half-way through the game, and a steady drizzle falls, they begin to curse their luck; but they have forgotten by the following Saturday, and do the same thing over again.

**ROWDY ENTHUSIASTS.**

It is always advisable to wear warm clothing and stout boots, for footer grounds (especially the stands) are veritable death-traps in the way of rushing currents of wind, and the ground at the side is more often than not a mass of slush and puddles.

The comfort and enjoyment of a spectator, however, does not always depend on himself alone. His immediate neighbours often have a big say in it, and it is in this connection that I should like to say a few words about the rowdily-inclined enthusiast. Although he is by no means so numerous as some grumblers make out, he is nevertheless frequently met with. He obviously does not understand the finer points of play, otherwise he would not screech and jump as he does. He would stand still and admire in silence, and allow the man behind him to do the same.

I have more than a mild suspicion that the man who goes to a football ground armed, say, with a tin-whistle, a trumpet, or a child's rattle, with which he "cheers on" one of the teams, goes less to watch football than to draw the attention of the other spectators to himself.

But, if he only knew it, the keen enthusiasts among them are by no means admiring him.

D. Phillips.

## SAVING FOR CHRISTMAS.

### HOW TO PROVIDE FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S BOXES.

As the world is in the habit of "forgetting" me at Christmas, while it insists that I should "remember" it, I have found that it is very necessary to think of Christmas boxes long before the season of festivity (and expense) comes round.

Past experience has shown me that Christmas is the time of times when unexpected calls are made upon my funds; and, if the truth must be told, these calls are often a very efficient drain down which all my spare cash runs. Indeed, there is often a balance still left to be paid when Christmas is forgotten in the strenuous opening of a new year.

All of which makes the season of peace and goodwill too often a season of extreme unrest, and not always of good temper.

It is now my habit, in view of these experiences, to begin a novel sort of "Christmas box" about six or eight weeks before December 25. It is a money-box.

The first step is to see how and where rigid economies can be cut down in my daily expenditure. Smoking, fares, food, extra clothes, amusements—all are laid under tribute, and each week my "Christmas box" grows heavier.

By the time that it is really necessary to go out and buy something I have accumulated a considerable sum which, with current income, is usually sufficient to soften very considerably the hardship of the present buying season.

It is a method I can heartily recommend to all who find December 25 and the week or two preceding it a time of very "tight money." You may not perhaps reach the grand total which you hoped for when you began, but by making a special fund of this sort you save your ordinary financial arrangements from complete anarchy at a critical moment.

F. H. W.

## FOR RUGBY ENTHUSIASTS.

We have had sent to us for review a new paper called "Rugby Football and Cricket," price twopence, published at 168, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

As its name implies, it provides matter of much interest to those engaged in these sports.

## 2,000 TO 1.

Much remark was made when Coriander recently won at 100 to 1, but in the football business they talk of thousands.

In Messrs. White, Fisher, and Co.'s advertisements we notice they were called upon to pay 2,000 to 1. Football seems to be the game to get big prices at. As an inducement to our readers to send for particulars, White, Fisher, and Co., Basle, Switzerland, are offering free cigarettes to all inquirers.

**FOOTBALL.**

**WHITE, FISHER & CO.,**

*THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS,*

**BASLE, SWITZERLAND,**

Beg to announce that the ENORMOUS ODDS of

**2,000 to 1**

HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.

**ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING,**

This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.

**£1,000** will be paid to any Charity if not **GENUINE.**

Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet **FREE OF COST** of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.

**Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.**

*Lotinga's Weekly*, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

# The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

**EVENING DRESS.**

Evening dress suits this winter are being made with a double row of silk braid down each seam of the trousers, each strip of braid being about three-eighths of an inch wide, and the seam running up between them. The trousers themselves are cut slightly in the " peg-top " style.

The vest is made with long points, and has four buttons set very close together. The opening is not oval, but is almost V-shaped.

As for the coat, it is made, as it was last year, with the tails long.

The lapels are silk-faced, and the collar is of cloth. The sleeves are finished off with three buttons and three button-holes.

**SHIRTS, COLLARS AND TIES.**

Soft-fronted evening dress-shirts are always incorrect with a tail coat, and they may be worn only with a dinner-jacket.

Even then they have this great drawback—that they are seldom satisfactorily turned out by the laundry, even though you patronise an expensive establishment.

Collars for evening dress wear should be of the stand-up variety. You can wear either a military collar where the one side over-laps the other, or a wing collar, or a collar where the two sides just meet and the points are slightly turned out.

As for evening dress ties, if you are wearing a tail-coat you must wear a white tie. Black ties must be reserved for wearing with dinner-jackets.

The great thing about ties is for you to tie them yourself, and not to wear a ready-made bow.

**EVENING DRESS OVERCOATS.**

Various kinds of overcoats can be pressed into service for evening dress, but, in my opinion, nothing looks so smart as a fairly well waisted frock-overcoat with a velvet collar.

Where a man's wardrobe is limited, it is, of course, excusable for him to wear a Chesterfield, or any other type of overcoat that he may possess, to cover his evening clothes; but if he wants to look his best in evening toggery the frock-overcoat is the thing.

**RUBBER FOOT-GEAR.**

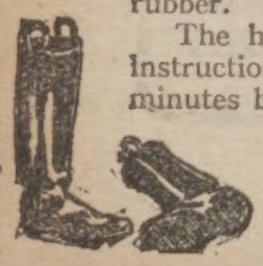
For dirty weather rubber foot-gear undoubtedly has its advantages, for it is waterproof in a way that leather never can be.

Goloshes are extremely useful in town, and especially to the City man, for they enable him to reach his office dry-shod; there he can discard his goloshes, and appear immaculately shod in patent leathers if he so desires.

To the gardening enthusiast also goloshes are of great utility, especially when the soil of one's garden happens to be mostly clay.

Walk carefully as one may in a wet garden, one's boots are not fit to appear on the street afterwards unless they have been cleaned afresh; but if you have an old pair of goloshes you can slip them on when you go to the garden and leave them behind when you return to the house. They can, moreover, be very easily cleaned, for you can scrub them with water in a manner which would not be conducive to the well-being of boots.

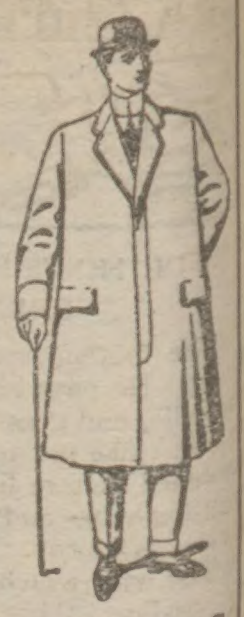
Many Territorial readers will doubtless have become acquainted with the utility of " gum boots," as they are popularly called, or, to be more exact, Wellingtons made of rubber.



The hard-worked Territorial subaltern, who has given instructions overnight that he shall not be called until five minutes before the trumpet sounds for " stables " at camp


**A RARE COMBINATION**

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.



**OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-**
**SUITS (to measure) - - 30/- to 50/-**

**Carriage Paid. No Extras.**

*We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM" and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

*We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.*

Write or call—

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**Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

**THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL**

**is the NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO.,** they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

**3/6 buys a NEW LIFE For that old SUIT or OVERCOAT 3/6**

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

**The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.,**
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Telephone—North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

**ELLIS—Artist in CLOTHES.**

Twenty years of experience in fitting the most particular men; the most scrupulous care in studying the individual requirements of our customers; the very highest quality of materials—these are the factors that make our garments so distinctive in cut and style.

Our speciality is our

**50/- OVERCOAT.**

This garment we make in a wide range of materials, patterns of which will be sent if you cannot call. We guarantee a perfect fit, and return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

**J. & H. ELLIS, 20 & 21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.**
(Near Ludgate Circus.)

*When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."*

tumbles out of his bed, puts on a pair of socks to keep his pyjamas in place, slips on his gum boots, his cloak, and cap, and appears on the lines quite presentably dressed—except when an unkind gust of wind blows apart the unbottoned vent at the back of his cloak and reveals a bit of silken pink pyjamas.

When one has to cover wet grass, or to get about for short distances on muddy roads, gum boots are capital things, but I should not care to do a long tramp in them.

### THE INSIDE OF GLOVES.

One does not require to take much trouble regarding the inside of ordinary gloves, for the gloves wear out long before the inside has become dirty.

In the case of heavy driving gloves, however, these last so long that the insides become soiled some time before one wishes to part company with the gloves.

The best plan is to turn the gloves inside out, and to rub them thoroughly with a piece of bread, finishing up with a dusting in French chalk. This will make the inside of the gloves clean and comfortable.

### RAIN-COCKLED CAPS.

Although not an advocate of extravagance in matters of dress, there is one article of attire for which I believe in paying a good price—a price which most would regard as absurdly high—and that article is a cap.

A man will pay a guinea, without grumbling, for a silk hat, but in most cases he shirks paying anything approaching that price for a bowler, and would consider anything but the cheapest form of cap to be an extravagance; but, after all, it is not the material one pays for, but the cut, and a really well-cut cap makes all the difference in one's appearance.

Granted, then, that your cap is a good one, it is yet liable to lose some part of its appearance if it has seen much service on wet days, for the cloth, particularly where it lies loose at the front of the cap, becomes cockled with the rain.

The cure for this is simple, but, like most things that can be done at any time, it is put off.

If, therefore, you have a cap that has become cockled with the rain, make up your mind to put it to rights at once. Get a flat iron which is moderately hot, lay your cap upside down on a table, place a handkerchief inside it, put the flat iron above the handkerchief, and press it moderately hard.

This will take out all the creases, and the handkerchief will prevent the iron from soiling or marking any of the strips of lining that cover the seams.

### GREY CAPS.

Speaking of caps, I am frequently asked by correspondents to help them in selecting a colour.

I always recommend grey.

With a grey homespun cap you never need be afraid of its clashing with the colour of your suit, for such a cap goes well with any suit.

If you have a cap of a bright colour, on the other hand, it will look all right with one suit, but will not be becoming when worn with another.

As to the weight of material, personally I prefer rather a light cloth for caps, as it is more comfortable and just as warm.

### NEEDLES AND THREAD.

I have more than once mentioned the utility of a "housewife," or "companion," as some people call them—I refer to those little cases containing needles, thread, and buttons, which should form part of every man's outfit, and should always find a place in his dressing-case when he travels.

There are some occasions, however, when one may be away from home when a dressing-case is not available, and when you are not going to lumber yourself up by carrying a fairly bulky "housewife"—as, for example, when on a walking or a cycling tour. On such occasions, a needle, threaded with a piece of strong black cotton, will probably meet emergencies.

When you have threaded it—a difficult task always to a man—fix it underneath the lapel of your jacket, and then stow the thread away by twisting it in figure eight form over the projecting point and eye of the needle.


**I'LL take that old suit or overcoat, tailor-press, clean and re-shape it for the small sum of 3/9.**

***After I have treated it, you will admit that it looks almost new.***

You don't believe it? I know you don't.

If only one in every ten people who read our advertisements believed me, I should require a factory the size of Olympia.

Let me convince you.

Wrap up the old suit in the first piece of paper you can find and send it to me with a postal order for 3/9.

Within three days the garment will be in your house again, and, if you don't think your 3/9 has been spent to the best advantage, say so, and the money comes back to you in full.

Can I make an offer more fair?

I pay the carriage One Way as well.

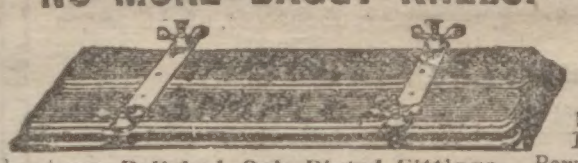
*The Manager,*

**THE BRITISH TAILORING & REPAIRING CO.,**

**34, 36, 38, & 40, GT. COLLEGE STREET LONDON, N.W.**

*Telephone: North 2832 (2 lines).*

**NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.**



Price **5/9** Carriage paid.

*Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.*

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.** 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*

*H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.*

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**THE ADDIZ CAP**

is the only Cap with a perfect device for ventilation. It has a patent Spring Cushion fitted between the Sweat Band and the Peak which ensures a perfect fit and ventilation, relieves all pressure on the head, makes the Cap fit firmly, preventing its blowing off. High-class finish, best materials and workmanship, in the latest shapes and colours.

**Prices—2/6, 3/6, 4/6** (post free). *Send size and colour, enclosing P.O.*

**J. HOLDEN & CO., 32, Finsbury Square, London E.C.**

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## For "Modern Man" Readers.

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**Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.**

**A PAIR OF SANDOW'S SPRING-GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE.**

**For Seven Days' Trial.**

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day. Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect Physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

**Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.**

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

**Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.**

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

*Signed* .....

*Address* .....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.


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